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The spiritual songs of Martin Luther;



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THE
SPIRITUAL SONGS

OF

Martin Luther :

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY

JOHN HUNT.

“ I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand—
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.”

—Coleridge.

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—
1853.



TO
THE REV. THOMAS CLARK, M.A.,
Minister of Christ Church, Preston,
THIS
TRANSLATION
OF
THE SPIRITUAL SONGS OF MARTIN LUTHER,
THE GREAT GERMAN REFORMER,
IS INSCRIBED,
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,
AS A FRIEND AND PASTOR.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

WE would very gladly have been excused from writing a preface to this volume, seeing there are two prefaces already ; but as space has been left for us, we must say something : that something must be about Luther, and more particularly about his SPIRITUAL SONGS. Fortunately for us, the subject has not, by any means, been exhausted by English writers. Few, indeed, there are who have not heard of the Great Reformer's love of music and poetry, and still smaller is the number of those who are not familiar with the massive grandeur of his tunes, which so often resound through our Churches, bursting upon our ears with sounds something like what we imagine will be those of the archangel's trumpet, that shall awake the dead from the resting places wherein they have slept for ages.

There is no name of modern times more frequently on our lips than Luther's, and no character with which we think ourselves more familiar. Yet, what is generally known of him is comparatively little. Like many other great men, he is spoken of merely for that which most distinguished him, while his other great qualities, which are often more important for the elucidation of the whole man, are not unfrequently forgotten. In like manner as we have a popular notion of Julius Cæsar as a great warrior, one who has had an influence on the history of human affairs—a name that has survived the wreck of time ; while the brilliant orator—the splendid scholar—and the elegant writer are cast into the shade. The vulgar idea

of Luther is, that he was a brave man ; one that fought for truth in an age when it was lost in error, and when tyranny had trampled on human rights. That Luther was a brave man is but a small part of his character, and one which we think ought to be qualified. It does not seem to us that he was naturally the bold and courageous man that he is generally represented to have been ; and we are borne out in this supposition by the fact of his seeking the seclusion of a monastery when his companion was killed by the lightning. And also by what he says in a letter to Melancthon :—"In private trials, you are stronger than I ; in public, I am stronger than you. You despise your own life, but are afraid for the cause of God. I have no fear with regard to this, seeing I know for a truth that it is just and good : whereas I am a poor trembling sinner. All the threats and fierceness of the Papists, I value not a rush." It was only when truth was in danger that Luther was brave. It was when he saw the enemy before him that he put on his armour ; then it was he had his loins girt, and his lamp burning—that he put on the breastplate of faith, and for an helmet the hope of salvation ; then it was that he realized the truth of that declaration of the wise man, "The righteous are bold as a lion." The boldness of Luther in the hour of danger has been sadly misrepresented by his enemies. It has been attributed to arrogance, self-confidence, and as many other evil qualities as would have constituted a thousand demons. But when we withdraw the veil of his private life, and get an acquaintance with his thoughts in solitude, we get a different view of him. When we

follow him to his retirement, and hear nothing but that solitary, penitential cry, "My sins, my sins," we do not find much self-reliance. It was not in himself that Luther found confidence: it was in the arm of Omnipotence. He had laid hold of the Word of God; he had got a footing on eternal truth; like a wise man, he had built his house upon the Rock of Ages—and what has a man in such circumstances to fear? It is no wonder that popes and devils, kings and cardinals, quailed before him. It is no wonder that hell was moved from beneath, when the old and wicked one saw his kingdom tottering to its base. Easier would it have been to have turned the sun from his course, or to have removed the everlasting hills from their fixed habitations, than to have turned such a man from the truth. This seems to us the secret of his courage; he never forgot where his strength lay. Had he forgot that even for a moment, his faith might have failed him, as Peter's did; or he might, in an evil hour, have recanted what he most firmly believed, as did Galileo and Cranmer. But this was remarkable in Luther above all other men; he ever acted as if God were visibly beside him, about his bed and about his path, on his right hand and on his left. We are almost constrained to say, if ever man was inspired and sent on earth to do the work of heaven, this man was. Certain it is, he had the faith which removes mountains.

LUTHER'S SPIRITUAL SONGS give us an acquaintance with him which we cannot have by any history. It is by a man's poetry that we get to the innermost recesses of his soul. A poet is "a living epistle, known and read of all men;" he tells us what he feels and what he

knows ; he weds his own individuality to immortal verse. We have an acquaintance with the poets that we can have with no other writers—they tell us their ecstasies, their hopes, their fears, their mercies, and even their failings. This is pre-eminently the case with the Psalmist, with Byron, Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, and others we could name. In like manner, Luther's poetry gives us an intimate acquaintance with the *man*. We find there his great love of truth, his steadfast adherence to the Word of God, his never-failing confidence in the arm of Omnipotence. His pretty little Christmas songs for children, about the nativity and early years of the Holy Child Jesus, unfold to us his tender and affectionate love of children : that beautiful and peculiarly interesting trait in the character of the gnarled Reformer. The truth of the sentiment implied in that well-known saying—"Give me the making of a people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws," was never better tested than in the history of his poetry. We have the authority of Coleridge for saying, "Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns, as by his translation of the Bible. In Germany, the hymns are known by heart by every peasant : they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the Church praises God, like a Christian, with words which are natural, and yet sacred, to his mind." There was a time when Luther's poems were the only literature of which Germany could boast, and to this day they have a high place among the splendid effusions with which the prolific writers of the present century have adorned the literature of that country. We once asked a learned German what he considered the best

national song the Germans had; and, be it remembered, they have many lovely songs of their dear Fatherland: his answer was ready—"Luther's 'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,' that," said he, "is the song of songs for Germany." Thomas Carlyle has said that "it has something in it like the sound of Alpine avalanches or the first murmur of earthquakes;" and Heine, the greatest of critics, has styled it "The Mar-seillaise of the Reformation;" observing, that "to the present day it has preserved its potent spell over German hearts, and we may yet hear it thundered forth again under circumstances similar to those which gave it birth." Generally speaking, his SPIRITUAL SONGS are "songs of deliverance." Had the inspired record reached to our times, and embraced, as it would have done, the history of the people of God, in like manner as we read, "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord;" "Then sang Deborah and Barak, the son of Abinoam;" we would have had—Then sang Luther and Melancthon this new song, for the Lord had been on their side, and they had triumphed gloriously. There are other poems of Luther's, not directly on religious subjects, but on the various thoughts and feelings that agitate the human heart. We may say of him as of Uhland's minstrel—

"He sung of love, and of spring, and the joys of youth;
Of salvation, of virtue, of freedom and truth."

But after all, Luther's life was his best poem; it was the epic for which he nerved himself; his actions were his episodes; it was here he toiled with life-and-death energy.

Many English writers have represented Luther as inferior in acquirements to his compeers—a

mistake which has arisen from having only a partial acquaintance with his writings. It seems to us that some of them have merely examined his Latin, and passed judgment on his acquirements from the quality of it ; and true it is, his Latin wants the fine Augustan polish of that of Erasmus and Calvin ; but it is to Luther's praise he cultivated his own language more, in which he is universally admitted to have been a great master, possessing an acquaintance with it which can only be compared to that extraordinary knowledge and command of the English language possessed by Milton and Shakspeare. Luther had got hold of an idea that did not belong to his age. He had read in an old book, that men call the Bible, that the Gospel was "to be preached to the poor." He considered that religion and learning were not to be confined to a few Latin books, to be read only by the inmates of a monastery, or to sleep on the dusty shelves of a cloister library. He conceived that the Church and its privileges were not intended for the good of a favored few, but for the multitude—for every individual man—and for man as a whole. Thus his energies were directed. Hence it was that the "common people" heard him, as they did his Great Master, "gladly."

Luther lived not for himself—he labored not for himself, but for the good of the whole. We need a better acquaintance with the men who fought the battle of the Reformation. We live at a time when the enemies of the Protestant religion are unscrupulously sparing neither worth nor learning, either in the living or the dead ; when they are belying all history, and fearlessly asserting anything that will favor

their own cause. We confess we have an out-of-the-way, antiquated sort of veneration for old Tetzels, Eckius, and Pope Clement, and still more for the good Adrian, who honestly confessed the abuses of the church of which he was pontiff; but the recklessness, the blundering, the arrogance, and the mountebankism of the modern champions of Popery we cannot endure—they make the heart sick. We admire learning, worth, genius, manly and independent thought, wherever we find them, be they under the weeds of a Mahometan dervish or a Hindoo priest, or clothed with the gaudy and fantastic robes of a Romish cardinal or a pretended bishop; but we burn with indignation when we see a disregard for truth, or a desire to injure the reputation of the brightest ornaments of the world, and the holiest saints that have adorned the Church of the living God.

We want men like Luther—men of truth—men who will stand to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We want men like Knox, who will “never fear the face of man;” men who will say as he did, “I am in a place where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth, and the truth I will speak, impugn it whoso listeth.” It is men like these that hasten on the dawn of the millenium, when iniquity, ashamed, shall hide her face from the earth. We hesitate not to say, that Luther has had a mightier influence on the destinies of the human race than any individual man since the time when Godhead appeared in human form.—What shall we say of the acute and vigorous-minded Calvin, who gathered around him the inquirers after knowledge from all parts of the world? What shall we say of Knox, who gave

character to a nation that shall be like him to the latest posterity ? There were giants in those days ; but God will ever have a seed to serve him, and men to perform his work in the earth.

It will be necessary to caution our readers not to expect from our translations that excellence which belongs to Luther's poetry. A translation, at best, is but a glass through which we see darkly. They that would see Luther face to face, must read what he has written in German. There is a magic charm about real poetry which defies translation, unless the translator be as great a genius as the author, and even then he does not always succeed. Besides, the rules of translation are undefined ; the translator is ever and anon in the dilemma of either sacrificing the author's meaning to the elegance of his verse, or the elegance of his verse to the author's meaning. We need not say that we have generally done the latter, yet not always ; sometimes we have been necessitated to change the sense. A thought esteemed very good in Luther's age and country, may not accord with modern taste in England. We regret now that we have not done it more frequently, as people generally prefer being pleased to being instructed. The consequence of our adhering sometimes too closely to the text is, that Luther's best songs will appear in our translations to least advantage.

We have said in our title-page, simply, "From the German : " it will be necessary, however, to give a minuter account of the contents of this volume. Those which have the first line of the German over them are found in the last German edition. In them we have adhered to the text as closely as translators generally do.

The others are diversified ; some of them are merely imitations, such as No. 2, on the Epiphany ; others we have found in collections of German songs, with Luther's name : of this kind, is that on "Music." A few subjects have been introduced on which he has not written songs, but those which we have inserted embody sentiments to which he has given emphatical utterance. No. 2, on the "Christian Course," is imitated from Count Zinzendorf. There may be verses from other German hymns that may have found their way among the free translations, but of these we cannot give an account. We may also, for anything we know, have availed ourselves of the verses of English poets, for we have learned so much poetry by heart, that we often do not know to whom it belongs, if it belongs to any one. We had better at once express our gratitude to all that have ever written hymns in English—from Wesley, Watts, Cowper, Newton, and Mrs. Barbauld, down to James Montgomery, Dr. Bowring, Jane Taylor, and Lady Eleanor Fortesque. To the Moravian Hymns and the Scotch version of the Psalms, we owe a debt of unspeakable obligation. We have not even despised the assistance of our old and familiar friends, Sternhold and Hopkins. As we give thanks to all, we hope no one will accuse us of taking what is not our own without acknowledging it. We have been so much accustomed to compare the poets of different countries, that we find many of them could be translated by the others. We could point out whole pages in Milton that would pass for translations of Tasso, and in like manner, much of Tasso that could translate portions of Virgil. But this will be endless.

We have rambled beyond our bounds, yet the sea of our subject is only opening before us. We have more to say now than when we began, but we must close. The translation of these songs has been to us a delightful recreation from severer studies, and the arduous duties of our daily avocation. We send forth our book with fear and trembling; and yet, notwithstanding its many imperfections, we feel an inward persuasion that its vein is good, and that the world shall find it "after many days." Our prayer for our readers is, that they may be filled with the Spirit, speaking to themselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord; anticipating, whilst yet in the body, the song of the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect; who, being redeemed out of every kindred, and people, and tongue, and nation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are now singing—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen!

N.B.—In printing this book, the printer has been instructed not to make those elisions of the vowels which usually disfigure books of poetry, it being our opinion that such a practice proceeds on a misapprehension of the real nature of English verse. There are several other small matters in which we have been self-willed, but these will be better understood than expressed.

GERMAN EDITOR'S PREFACE.

SINCE the year 1817, no new edition has appeared of these powerful songs of the Great Reformer, which he sung for the religious cultivation of the German people ; and certainly it would be a melancholy thing to see songs so important in their tendency disappear altogether from our literature.

We have principally followed the order of Grelsh's edition ; but we are convinced, by a closer examination, that the hymns in the old dialect of Luther are not altogether suitable for the people of the present day. A melody prevails in the verses, which shows from the beginning how excellently they are adapted to be sung in Churches. Yet here and there we find obsolete terms, which often injure the beautiful thoughts, and the lovely, popular tone of these songs of the Reformation. This must not, by any means, be attributed to the poet, but to the age in which he wrote. We should not forget that the language itself originated in the hand of the master ; he had to make it smooth and poetical, as well as to reform religion. That at that time everything should be written in a finished style, is not to be expected.

Our present object is to republish these songs, as far as possible, in their original form ; only sometimes an individual obsolete word has been changed for a softer one, to make the poetical impression more sure, and to adapt these excellent songs to susceptible souls for their edification in the faith. But wherever this could not be done, the original term has been preserved, so as not to sacrifice the thought to the word.

The mighty and intrepid Reformer—the great and worthy man of God—wrote and sung these songs to the praise of the Lord, in evil days. It was his task to clear the Christian religion from those weeds which the cruel darkness of time had permitted to spring up, and to bring it back to the simple form which Christ had given it. With these songs Luther fought against the enemy, and gained the people on his side. He led the masses with him into the Church controversy, and enabled them to understand his doctrines. To the most of his songs he also composed tunes, which have been preserved to the present day; and these compositions belong to the most excellent which we possess in church music. Whose feelings are not deeply moved by the singing of these hymns—“Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her;” “Gelobet seist du Jesu Christ;” “Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir?” Who is left cold and indifferent after hearing the celebrated song—“Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott?” For centuries have these songs resounded in the holy aisles of our Churches; for centuries have they stirred to their depths the souls of Christians, and their rich, merciful strength become a heavenly balm to the faithful. What has been so long preserved through the storms of time must be genuine, and will not be easily put aside, but will quicken and strengthen, and build up in the faith, as it has done in days gone by.

THE EDITOR.

Berlin, August, 1844.

FROM THE

PREFACES OF LUTHER.

1527.

It will not, I think, be doubted by any Christian, that to sing spiritual songs is good and well-pleasing in the sight of God ; since we have not only the example of the prophets and kings in the Old Testament, who, with harp and song, with poetry and all manner of stringed instruments, praised the Lord ; but a similar custom, especially with psalms, has been common to Christianity from its commencement. Indeed, we find St. Paul instituting it in his first epistle to the Corinthians, and again giving it as a commandment to the Colossians, that they should sing from their hearts psalms and spiritual songs to the Lord, so that the Word of God and the Christian doctrines might, in every possible way, be made known and practised.

Therefore have I, along with some others, for a good beginning and encouragement to those who are more able, collected a few spiritual songs, in order to extend and to bring into repute the holy Gospel, which, through the mercy of God, has again appeared ; that we might make our boast, as did Moses in the book of Exodus, that "Christ is our praise and our song ;" and that we know nothing better of which to speak and to sing, than, as St. Paul did in his first epistle to the Corinthians, that "Jesus is our Saviour."

These songs are adapted to four voices, for no other reason than that I earnestly desire that youth, who, indeed, ought to be instructed in music and in all right sciences, may have something by which love-songs and carnal singing may be done away with, and something wholesome learned in their place; and, also, that along with pleasure some good may be learned, as is proper for young people.

I am not of opinion, that by the Gospel all sciences are to be abolished, as some enthusiasts imagine; but I greatly desire to see them all, especially music, devoted to the service of Him who gave and created them.

I, therefore, beseech every pious Christian to be satisfied with these songs, and to grant me his assistance if God has given him more, or even the same talents. But, alas! all the world is too indolent and careless to instruct poor youth, unless they are driven to it. May God have mercy upon us!

We have also inserted in this little book, for a good example, some sacred songs from the Holy Scripture, which the blessed patriarchs and prophets of the olden time composed and sung, that we may not appear as new masters in this work, but can show for our proceeding the example of all the saints. Therefore, every Christian will see that they, as we have done, praised the mercy of God and not the work of man: nor will any one venture to condemn us, lest in so doing he should also condemn them.

1545.

THE 96th psalm says, "Sing unto the Lord a new song ; sing unto the Lord all the earth." In the Old Testament, under the law of Moses, the service of God was burdensome and wearisome ; there they had many sacrifices to offer of all that they possessed, both in the house and in the field, which the people who were very indolent and covetous did grudgingly, or because of some temporal gain, as the prophet Malachi says, "Who is there even among you that would shut the doors for nought? neither do ye kindle fire on mine altar for nought." Where there is such an indolent, unwilling heart, nothing good can be sung. The heart must be joyful where one would sing well. Therefore, God has not allowed such an indolent, unwilling service to remain, as Malachi again shows—"I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts ; neither will I accept an offering at your hand. For from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles ; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering ; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts."

There is now, in the New Testament, a better service, of which the Psalmist thus speaks :—"Sing unto the Lord a new song ; sing unto the Lord all the earth." For God has made our hearts joyful through His beloved Son, whom He has given to save us from sin, death, and the devil. They who really believe this cannot be otherwise than joyful ; and they will sing of it and speak of it gladly, that others hearing them

may become partakers of the same joy. But they who will not sing and speak of it show that they do not believe it, and do not belong to the joyful New Testament dispensation, but to the old, indolent and burdensome economy of Moses.

St. Paul writes to the Christians at Thessalonica, that they should not sorrow over their dead as those who have no hope, but should comfort themselves through the Word of God, as they have the certain hope of life and the resurrection of the dead.

That they should sorrow who have no hope is not wonderful, nor are they to be blamed, since they are not of the faith of Christ, and must either think the present life the only one, and esteeming it very highly, must be unwilling to lose it; or, if they look beyond it, can only see the wrath of God in hell, and must be very unwilling to go thither.

But we Christians, who are saved from every thing by the precious blood of the Son of God, should exercise ourselves in the faith so as to despise death, and to look upon it as a deep, sound, and sweet sleep; esteeming the coffin nothing else than the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ, or a paradise; and the grave nothing but a still and peaceful bed of rest. This indeed it is, in the sight of God, as He saith, John xi. 11—"Lazarus, our friend, sleepeth;" and St. Matthew ix. 24—"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth."

St. Paul, also, in the 15th chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, takes away from our eyes the terrible aspect of death in our mortal bodies, and presents instead of it the pleasing and joyful looks of the living, when he saith, "It

is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption ; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory ; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power ; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

Therefore have we abolished, in our Churches, all the bugbears of Popery, such as vigils, masses for the soul, obsequies, purgatory, and all mummeries and fooleries for the dead ; nor do we allow our Churches to be houses of lamentation, or abodes of sorrow ; but, as the ancient fathers called them, "*Coemeteria*," which implies that they esteemed them houses of sleep, or beds of rest.

In like manner, we do not sing by our death-beds or graves any dirge or song of lamentation, but rather hymns of consolation, concerning the forgiveness of sins, the rest, sleep, life, and resurrection of the departed, so that our faith may be strengthened, and the people stimulated to right devotion.

It is, indeed, right and proper that burials should be performed honorably, and in such a way as to exalt that blessed article of our Creed—"The Resurrection of the body ;" and thus to set at defiance that terrible enemy—death, who consumes us so horribly, and in every frightful form and manner.

We read that the holy patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and others, buried their dead honorably, and with great care ; and that afterwards the kings of Judah performed great ceremonies over the dead body with costly incense, of all kinds of precious spices ; all of which was to do despite to that terrible enemy—death, and to recognize and glorify the resurrec-

tion of the dead, that the weak in faith and the sorrowful might be comforted.

In like manner, we have heard of Christians in the old times and even at the present day, carrying their dead in triumph to their resting place, singing as they went along, adorning the graves and raising over them magnificent monuments. It was all to exalt this article of "the Resurrection of the body," that it might be firmly grounded in us, since it is our final, blessed, and eternal consolation and joy against death, hell, the devil, and all manner of grief.

That the beautiful ornament of music may, in a right manner, serve the Great Creator and His Christian people ; that He may be praised and glorified ; and that we, through His holy Word, carried with sweet song into our hearts, may be improved and strengthened in the faith :—May God the Father, with the Son, and the Holy Ghost, grant to us. Amen.



Luther's
Spiritual Songs.

WARNING.

Where'er the Lord a temple rears,
The devil's synagogue appears;
So, reader, mark, and ponder thou,
What kind of songs are written now;
For many songs are base and vile,
And fitted only to defile.

M. T.

Advent.

—

I.

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.

THE time draws nigh, swift fly the years—
The Great Redeemer now appears ;
A Virgin's Son, He comes to earth,
The nations wonder at His birth.

The Hero lays His glory by,
And leaves the mansions of the sky ;
The Father's everlasting Son
Hastens His earthly race to run.

From God He comes, the Virgin-born,
To Him again He shall return ;
When Satan's power is at an end
To heaven again He shall ascend.

Come ! conquering Hero, lead the fight ;
Come ! onward, onward ! in Thy might ;
Be Thou our Captain and our Guide—
Do Thou in our weak flesh abide.

Thy crib shines beautiful and clear—
A new star brings the nations near ;
The darkness can no entrance gain
To those who firm in faith remain.

Then glory to the Highest One,
And to His well-belovèd Son ;
And to the Spirit of His grace,
Who comforts all the ransomed race.

II.

*I am the root and offspring of David, the bright and
morning star.*

SING ! sing ! ye ransomed mortals, sing !
To you—to all, good news we bring ;
See in the East yon radiant star,
The star of God—a glorious light ;
That star dispels the gloom of night,
And brings the nations from afar.

He comes ! He comes ! to you undone ;
He comes ! the Father's only Son :
Awake ! awake ! dismiss your fears ;
Awake ! awake ! to songs of praise,
To Him your glad Hosannahs raise—
The Lord ! the Lord ! on earth appears.

Long hath the world in darkness been,
And nights of guilt and woe hath seen,
 And saints 'twixt hopes and fears have pined ;
But now a new star gilds the sky—
A new star meets the gazer's eye ;
 That star the light of all mankind.

From God the beams of glory shine,
The brightness of His face divine
 Now bursts upon our raptured sight ;
Shout ! shout ! the Advent shout again,
For now begins the glorious reign,
 Creation's wonder and delight.

He comes ! the promised One of old,
By ancient prophet bards foretold ;
 The days of darkness now shall cease :
He comes ! your Brother and your Friend ;
All wars and conflicts soon shall end—
 He comes ! to give the nations peace.

Soon shall Jehovah's power be known,
And Satan's empire be o'erthrown,
 For now appears the Father's Son :
Proclaim the news to all mankind,
Till every soul on earth shall find
 The reign of glory is begun.

Sing ! sing ! ye ransomed mortals, sing !
To Him your glad Hosannahs bring ;
Glory to God, and peace on earth !
Let all the world in songs unite,
To praise the Lord—the Lord of might,
For now is your Redeemer's birth.

III.

*Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-
spring from on high hath visited us.*

AWAKE ! my soul, dismiss thy fears,
Prepare a joyful song ;
The Saviour of mankind appears—
The Saviour promised long.
Now dawns the long-expected morn—
To us a Child of hope is born :
He comes ! to chase the gloom of night—
He comes ! to give the nations light.

Oh blessed morn ! what news it brings,
By angels ushered in ;
The glorious Sun with healing wings
Dispels the night of sin.
He dawns upon our gloomy world—
The shades of darkness back are hurled ;
The Friend of man ! the Prince of Peace !
He comes the captives to release.

Forth from the mansions of the sky

He leaves His Father's throne ;

He comes to earth for man to die—

For sinners to atone.

The promised seed a Virgin bears—

The Son of God our nature wears ;

He who saw countless ages run,

Now comes to earth a Virgin's Son.

Awake ! my soul, dismiss thy fears,

Prepare a joyful song ;

The Saviour of mankind appears—

The Saviour promised long.

All hail to this the natal morn ;

Rejoice, for now the Christ is born ;

Come, see the great, the glorious sight,

For now has come the world's delight.

Christmas.

I.

A SONG FOR CHILDREN, ON THE NATIVITY OF THE
HOLY CHILD JESUS.

Vom Himmel hoch, da komm ich her.

FROM yonder world I come to earth,
To tell you of a Saviour's birth ;
Let now the glad Hosannahs ring—
Good news to fallen man I bring !

To you this day is born a Child,
Son of a Virgin undefiled ;
A little babe—a gracious sight—
He'll be your wonder and delight.

'Tis Jesus Christ, the Heavenly King !
Who doth for all a ransom bring :
He will Himself the Saviour be—
From all your sins He'll set you free.

He brings Salvation from above,
Which God for you prepared in love ;
That you with us beyond the sky
May live in bliss, enthroned on high !

Then mark you now the signs aright—
The crib, the swaddling mean and light ;
The little babe you there shall find,
Received and hailed by all mankind.

Oh ! let us all be glad to-day,
And with the shepherds homage pay :
Come, see what God to us hath given,
His only Son, sent down from heaven.

Awake, my soul ! from sadness rise,
Come, see what in the manger lies :
Who is this smiling infant Child ?—
'Tis little Jesus, sweet and mild.

Twice welcome, oh ! Thou heavenly guest,
To save a world with sin distressed ;
Com'st Thou in lowly guise for me ?
What homage shall I give to Thee !

Ah ! Lord, eternal heavenly King,
Hast thou become so mean a thing ;
And hast Thou left Thy blissful seat,
To rest where colts and oxen eat ?

Were this wide world much wider made,
With gold and costly gems arrayed ;
E'en then, by far too mean 'twould be,
To make a little crib for Thee.

No silken robes surround Thy head—
A bunch of hay is all Thy bed !
Where Thou, a King, so rich and great,
Art bright as in Thy heavenly state.

All this, my Lord, has come to Thee,
That Thou might'st show Thy truth to me :
Thou, who hast made the earth and sky,
Hast deigned, a helpless babe, to lie.

Jesus, my Saviour, come to me—
Make here a little crib for Thee ;
A bed make in this heart of mine,
That I may aye remember Thine.

Then, from my soul glad songs shall ring—
Of Thee each day I'll gaily sing :
The glad Hosannahs will I raise
From heart that loves to sing Thy praise !

Praise God, ye seraphs round the throne—
Praise ye the Father and the Son ;
God's angel doth to us appear—
Then let us hail the glad *New Year*.

II.

ANOTHER SONG OF CHRIST.

Vom Himmel kam der Engel Schaar.

FROM heaven there came an angel throng,
And cheered the shepherds with this
song :—

A Child is born, arise ! arise !
In yonder manger low He lies.

In David's town, as was foretold
By Micah, in the days of old ;
The promised Christ you there shall find—
The Saviour of all human kind.

With gladness let each bosom swell,
For God with mortals deigns to dwell ;
Flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone,
Your Brother is the Eternal One.

Care not, though sin and death assail,
Against you nothing can prevail ;
Let hell and Satan fiercely rage,
The Lord will all your storms assuage.

Put ye your trust in Him alway ;
Make Him your confidence and stay ;
Nor fear what trials may betide,
For God the Lord is on your side.

Ye shall at length the victory gain,
And shall His chosen ones remain ;
Then let your thanks to Him ascend,
And patient wait unto the end.

III.

Christum wir sollen loben schon.

YET now all honor due be done
To Christ, the Virgin Mary's Son ;
Where'er His works His power proclaim,
Let nations come and praise His name.

The Maker of the earth and skies,
To us appears in lowly guise ;
Our flesh and blood He makes His own,
That Satan's kingdom be o'erthrown.

Great grace from the Eternal One,
In His chaste mother beamed and shone ;
A secret pledge a Virgin bore,
What nature ne'er had known before.

Her tender heart—that chaste abode—
Became the temple of her God ;
Her virgin graces shone around—
'Mong women blessed was Mary found.

The worthy Virgin pondered well
The promise made by Gabriel ;
The glad Child knew the holy John,
Ere yet His mother Him had known.

Low in a crib, on coarse dry hay,
In poverty extreme He lay ;
Milk was the meat in stable rude,
For Him who gives each bird its food.

The heavenly choir unite in praise,
And gladsome songs the angels raise ;
The shepherds hearing Christ is born,
To Jesus the chief Shepherd turn.

Glory and praise be to His name,
That He for us a Child became ;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, now
And ever, let all creatures bow.

IV.

Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ !

GLORY and praise to Jesus' name,
That He for us a Child became ;
A Virgin's Son the Heavenly King,
At which the raptured angels sing—

Hallelujah !

The everlasting Son of God
With oxen now hath His abode ;
Our flesh and blood the Lord puts on,
And for a stable leaves a throne.

Hallelujah !

No greater one in earth or skies,
Than who in Mary's bosom lies ;
A helpless infant He is laid,
By whom the universe was made.

Hallelujah !

The eternal light is bursting in ;
Soon shall the Gospel age begin ;
Now fastly fade the shades of night,
And we become the sons of light.

Hallelujah !

To bring us to His glorious rest
He in our world became a guest ;
To lead us from this vale of tears,
And bid adieu to cares and fears.

Hallelujah !

So poor and mean to us He came,
And bore a load of guilt and shame,
That richest grace to us be given,
As angels in the courts of heaven.

Hallelujah !

For us He left His throne above ;
For us He came—so great His love !
Then let us gladly sing His praise—
To Him our grateful voices raise.

Hallelujah !

Epiphany.

Was fürchtest du Feind Herodes sehr.

FRIEND Herod ! why with fears art torn,
Because to us the Christ is born ?
No earthly kingdom claims His birth,
He brings a kingdom here to earth.

The Magi, by the starry night,
Are guided to the world's true Light ;
And by three offerings which they bring,
Show Christ is God, and Man, and King.

To Jordan came the Lamb of God,
Who bore the sinners' heavy load ;
And there was baptised in the stream,
That us from sin He might redeem.

A new and wondrous work was done ;
There stood six water-pots of stone ;
Christ spake, and by His word divine,
The water turned to purest wine.

All thanks and praise to Christ be paid,
That He for us a Child was made ;
To God, the Lord whom we adore,
Be glory now and evermore.

II.

*Where is He that is born King of the Jews ? for we have seen
His star in the East, and are come to worship Him.*

SEE the Eastern Magi wending
Towards the light that gleams afar ;
See the darksome shades descending
'Fore yon glory-beaming star.
Hallelujah ! glorious signs of promise are.

Brighter are its rays appearing,
As it higher yet ascends ;
Thousand, thousand mortals cheering—
Joyful days its course portends.
Hallelujah ! blessings rich to earth it sends.


Brightly now it gilds the morning,
Paling error's glimmering light ;
The myriad things of earth adorning,
Chasing fast the gloom of night.
Hallelujah ! come and see the glorious sight.

See the Magi incense bringing,
And the shepherds Jesus own ;
Hear the Seraph Angels singing,
And the hosts around the throne.
Hallelujah ! Jew and Gentile now are one !

Good Friday.

I.

*He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised
for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was
upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.*

 H world ! thy great Redeemer see
Bound upon the accursèd tree ;
He sinks to death—behold the strife :
By pangs and cruel scourges torn—
To all a mockery and scorn—
He dies ! He dies ! the Prince of Life !

Draw near and see the bleeding hands
Of Him who for thy surety stands ;
With bloody sweat He's covered o'er :
He feels not in this awful hour
His Father's all-supporting power—
A grief to Him unknown before.

Who, Lord, in Thee such suffering wrought ?
Who hath to Thee such anguish brought,
And bound Thee to the shameful tree ?
No guile in Thee was ever seen,
No traitor hast Thou ever been,
No sin was ever found in Thee.

I and my sins the deed have done,
I crucified the Father's Son,
And nailed Him to the shameful tree ;
My sins did plait that crown of thorn,
And wove that purple robe of scorn—
I caused those awful griefs to Thee.

II.

It is finished.

THE atoning sacrifice is made,
The ransom of our souls is paid ;
" 'Tis finished !" the Messiah cries,
As now He bows His head and dies.

The legal dispensation o'er,
The veil shall separate no more ;
But Jew and Gentile now shall meet,
To bow before the mercy-seat.

The Lord of life, on yonder tree,
Hath suffered dreadful agony ;
The mountains rend—the dead arise,
But "It is finished !" now He cries.

The Saviour's precious blood is spilt,
And cancelled is all human guilt ;
A healing stream flows from His side,
For now the Lord is crucified.

The great Redeemer's work is done,
The Gospel ages are begun ;
The reign of truth, and love, and light—
And Satan now is vanquished quite.

Then let us place before our eyes
The all-atoning sacrifice ;
And when we come before the throne,
No other name but Jesus own.

His sufferings let us ne'er forget,
On them our thoughts be ever set ;
And while we live to *all* proclaim
Salvation is through Jesus' name.

Oh ! thou, my soul, from cares arise,
And praise the Lord of earth and skies ;
That when this world shall pass away
The Rock of Ages be thy stay.

Easter.

I.

Jesus Christus, unser Heiland.

CHRIST the Lord to-day is risen—
How could death the Lord imprison !
He, who died the world to save,
To-day is risen from the grave.

Hallelujah !

He that free from sin was born,
And endured the sinners' scorn,
Now hath opened up the way
God may wash our sins away.

Hallelujah !

Sin and Satan strive in vain,
Death enfeebled shall remain ;
Christ saves all our guilty race,
All who trust Him for His grace.

Hallelujah !

II.

Christ lag in Todesbanden.

JESUS was for sinners slain,
In the bands of death he lay ;
But the Lord is risen again,

Let us all be glad to-day :
Praises to our God be sung,
Joy and thanks from every tongue.

Hallelujah !

None of all our race was found
Over death could victor be ;
Sin in all men did abound,

None on earth from guilt was free :
Thus death reigned e'er since the fall,
'Neath his sway he brought us all.

Hallelujah !

Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Came this dying world to save ;
He hath borne the sinners' load—
He hath triumphed o'er the grave.
Death o'er us no more hath sway,
Jesus took his sting away.

Hallelujah !

Oh ! it was a wondrous strife—
Death and life together fought ;
But the Lord—the Prince of Life,
Soon the death of death had wrought !
God to us doth now proclaim,
Death is nothing but a name.

Hallelujah !

The true Paschal Lamb is He
Whom our God to us hath sent ;
See Him hanging on the tree,
Heart and soul with anguish rent !
Let the blood be on each door,
Death shall conquer us no more.

Hallelujah !

Thus keep we our Holiday,
Gladly see what God hath done—
Darkness He hath chased away,
Jesus is Himself our Sun :
Things now seen, unseen before,
And the reign of night is o'er.

Hallelujah !

We will eat, and taste the bliss
Of the bread sent down from heaven ;
No old leaven mingled is
With the bread that God has given :

Christ shall be our food for aye,
He will feed our souls alway.

Hallelujah !

III.

*Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-
fruits of them that sleep.*

REJOICE, oh earth ! thy Saviour lives,
Great wonders He hath done ;
Eternal life to all He gives—
A triumph He hath won.
The Lord who died the dead to save,
To-day is risen from the grave :
Earth ! thy triumphant Saviour see—
Grave ! where is now thy victory ?

It was a long and weary path,
In which the Saviour trod
The wine-press of His Father's wrath—
The anger of our God.
When with the weight of sin oppressed,
His limbs sunk to the grave for rest ;
And darkness veiled the earth and sky,
The God of nature seemed to die.

Yet, hallelujah ! Christ doth live—

He lives to die no more ;

Come, ransomed earth, and glory give,

The night of sin is o'er.

All those who saw Him after death

Maintained it with their latest breath ;

And, spite of bonds and every pain,

Declared the Lord was risen again.

The Saviour lives ! this is our boast—

We glory in His name ;

We know our hope shall not be lost,

Our souls not put to shame.

When from the dead we rise again,

With Him we shall for ever reign ;

But those who never loved Him here,

Shall tremble when He doth appear.

To God the Father glory be,

Who sent to us His Son,

To save us from our misery,

When we were all undone.

On Jesus all our guilt was laid,

For us He hath the ransom paid ;

No end of darkness we had seen,

Had not the Lord our surety been.

Rejoice, oh earth ! thy Saviour lives—

The Lamb that once was slain ;

Eternal life to all He gives,

For He is risen again.

He still pursues the glorious plan,

The Saviour and the Friend of man ;

He liveth now and evermore,

Rejoice, oh earth ! adore—adore !

Whitsuntide.

I.

Komm, heiliger Geist, Herre Gott.

COME, Holy Ghost ! come, Lord our God !
Thy heavenly influence shed abroad ;
To every true believing heart
Thy favor and Thy love impart.
Oh God ! the brightness of Thy light
Hath called this world from darksome night ;
By every tribe and every tongue
To Thee eternal praise be sung.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !


Thou noble Rock ! Thou Light divine !
On us make Thy bright influence shine ;
Lead us aright to know the Lord,
The Father by all hearts adored.
From sin and error keep us free,
To seek no other Lord but Thee ;
Let Jesus be our shield and stay,
Our hope be placed in Him alway.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Sweet Comforter ! oh Holy Love !
Help us, with favor from above,
Still in Thy service to abide,
Nor from Thy paths to turn aside ;
And help us by Thy gracious power
To conquer in the trying hour ;
Though weak and frail our flesh may be,
Through death and life to press to Thee.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

II.

Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist.

 H Holy Ghost ! to Thee we pray,
That from the truth we ne'er may stray ;
Let us Thy gracious presence know,
In passing from this vale of woe.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Let shine on us Thy glorious light,
That Jesus we may learn aright ;
And firm in Him for ever stand,
Who brings us to our fatherland.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Thou, Holy Love, our hearts inspire,
And fill us with celestial fire ;
That we to all men love may bear,
And thus fulfil the Saviour's prayer.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Eternal Spirit ! still the same,
Grant that we fear not death nor shame ;
Be with us in the final strife,
When we to death shall pass from life.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

III.

Komm Gott, Schöpfer, heiliger Geist.

CREATOR Spirit ! hear our prayer,
Come to each heart that longs for Thee ;
Humility and grace be there—
Lord, let each heart Thy dwelling be.

The promised Comforter ! Thou art
The chief of all that we desire ;
A balm to heal the broken heart—
A living fount of love and fire.

Kindle in us the light of day,
Give to our hearts the fire of love ;
That our weak flesh no more may stray,
Sustained by influence from above.

Seated Thou art with gifts on high,
The finger of the Lord's right hand ;
The Father's word Thou mak'st to fly
With tongues of fire to every land.

Preserve us from the wicked one,
And let Thy grace within us be,
Still in Thy ways to follow on,
And save our souls from misery.

Teach us to know the Father well,
And Christ His well-belovèd Son ;
That faith may in us richly dwell,
Teach us Thyself—Thou Holy One.

Now to the Father and the Son—
The mighty God whom we adore ;
And to the Spirit—Three in One,
Be glory now and evermore.

Trinity.

I.

Der du bist drei in Einigkeit.

THOU Three in One, and One in Three—
Thou true God from eternity ;
The sun and day to us decline—
Oh ! let on us Thy brightness shine.

At morning, Lord, we praise Thy name,
At evening we repeat the same ;
Though poor the song to Thee we raise,
Thy goodness aye we love to praise.

Then Glory to the Highest One,
And to His well-belovèd Son ;
And to the Spirit of His grace,
Who comforts all the ransomed race.

II.

Gott, der Vater, wohn 'uns bei.

FATHER, in us Thy dwelling be,
And let us on Thy strength rely ;
From sin and error keep us free—
Sustain us when we come to die.

Jesus, in us Thy dwelling be,
And let us on Thy strength rely ;
From sin and error keep us free—
Sustain us when we come to die.

Spirit, in us Thy dwelling be,
And let us on Thy strength rely ;
From sin and error keep us free—
Sustain us when we come to die.

Keep us from Satan and from sin,
Keep us the way of truth within ;
Our trust be ever placed in Thee,
Then shall we ne'er confounded be.
Oh ! may we walk with those alone
Who here the Saviour's love have known ;
And with the weapon of our faith,
Still conquer Satan, sin, and death.
Amen, amen ! this praise we bring,
To Thee our Hallelujahs sing.

III.

Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.

FATHER! we love to praise Thy name
For all that Thou hast done;
Thy goodness aye we will proclaim,
While endless ages run.
Ere man was formed or angels made,
Or this wide world's foundation laid,
Jehovah filled His awful throne,
And reigned, the Lord Supreme, alone.

Jesus! Thou great and mighty Lord—
The Father's only Son,
We'll praise Thy name, Incarnate Word,
For all that Thou hast done.
Both God and Man! in this there lies
The mystery of mysteries:
To heights like this we may not soar,
Then let us wonder and adore.

Spirit! we lift our hearts to Thee,
Eternal fount of joy;
Still let in us Thy dwelling be,
Thy ways our thoughts employ.

In us we will a place prepare,
For Thee to make Thy dwelling there ;
That our poor souls may never fear,
Knowing that Thou art ever near.

Great God ! Eternal, Uncreate !
What mortal tongue can tell
The glories of Thy heavenly state—
Immense—unspeakable !
Beyond the human grasp art Thou,
With reverence then let mortals bow ;
For Thee we ne'er can fully know
Whilst in this vale of sin and woe.

The Church and the Word of God.

I.

Sie ist mir lieb, die werthe Magd.

SHE'S dear to me—the worthy maid,
Deep in my breast she hath her rest ;
All honor due to her be paid,

For she hath now my heart possessed.
Days of gloom are drawing near,
But no evil need I fear ;
She is ever by my side,
Whate'er trials may betide.
When dreadful storms my strength assail,
With love and truth she comforts me ;
Against the foe she will prevail,
And gain a glorious victory.

She wears a crown of gold so bright—
On which twelve radiant stars appear ;
Her robe is like the dazzling light,
Beaming on earth with radiance clear.
As the moon, o'er all divine,
Modestly her graces shine ;
Like a fair and beauteous bride,
Seated by the bridegroom's side.

Woe was to her, for she in birth
A sweet and lovely infant bore ;
Him all the tribes and tongues of earth,
Shall come to worship and adore.

This made old Satan rage again—
He willed to slay her infant Son ;
But all his malice was in vain,
And all his toils have been undone.
Now to heaven the Child is gone,
Rests His mother here alone ;
On the earth awhile she stays,
Cheering it with heavenly rays.
But nothing hath she now to fear,
God shall to her a Father be ;
Whatever foes to her appear,
O'er them she'll gain the victory.

II.

Es spricht der Unweisen Mund wohl.

THUS with their lips the foolish say—
We on the Lord rely ;
But full of unbelief are they,
With deeds they Him deny :
Their ways are vile before the Lord,
Such mockeries are by Him abhorred.

The Lord Himself looked down from heaven
To earth, where men abode,
To see if any hearts were given
To seek the things of God—
If anywhere, with hearty will,
Men loved his pleasure to fulfil.

Not one was in the right way found,
They all had gone astray ;
In every heart did sin abound,
Enslaved by Satan's sway :
Yet there were those who proudly thought
God would accept the deeds they wrought.

Ye fools ! how long will ye rejoice
To heap up shame on shame ;
To hate the people of My choice,
Who call upon My name ?
In your distress no prayers arise
To Him who rules the earth and skies.

For peace your souls shall seek in vain,
In terror shall they be ;
With God the pious shall remain,
And His salvation see :
The poor man's counsel you despise,
And scorn him when to God he cries.

His Zion God shall pity yet—

His people He'll set free ;

The time to favor her is set—

Her chains shall broken be :

All tribes shall hear the Saviour's voice,

And Israel shall again rejoice.

III.

Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darein.

AH ! Lord, from heaven Thy people view—
Thy mercy, Lord, make known ;
Thy saints on earth, alas ! are few—

We poor ones are alone :
Ungodly men Thy Word deny,
And faith seems but to droop and die.

They wander far in error's way,
And care not for Thy Word ;
Their wicked hearts have gone astray—
They seek not for the Lord ;
Their vain disputings have no end,
For none will to Thy Word attend.

God will destroy the doctrines all
Of this deceiving throng ;
Who with their tongues now vainly call—
Tush ! who will prove us wrong ?
Thus proudly in their vaunted might,
They boast that they alone are right.

Therefore, saith God, I will arise,
My poor ones to defend ;
I hear their oft-repeated cries—
Their plaints to Me ascend ;
My Word shall make the wounded whole,
And comfort every drooping soul.

The silver's dross the flames remove,
And brighter is its glare ;
'Tis thus the Word of God will prove
To them who read with prayer ;
And brighter still that light shall glow,
Till every land the Lord shall know.

Then let, oh Lord, that glorious light
O'er this dark world extend ;
Protect Thy people by Thy might,
And to their cries attend :
Thy poor ones here on earth are found,
By thousand foes encompassed round.

IV.

Wär' Gott nicht mit uns diese Zeit.

HAD not the Lord been on our side—
May Israel now declare—
Had not the Lord been on our side,
Our hope had been despair ;
For how could we, a helpless band,
So many thousand foes withstand ?

Had not the Lord been on our side,
Our strength had been in vain ;
So dreadful was their vengeful pride,
They would each one have slain ;
Their wrath was like a raging flood,
Against it no one could have stood.

To God all praise and glory be,
His goodness all declare,
That our weak souls have been set free,
As bird from fowler's snare ;
Their bands are broken, we are free—
To God all thanks and glory be.

V.

A SONG FOR CHILDREN.

To be sung against those two arch-enemies of Christ and
His holy Church—the Pope and the Turks.

Erhalt' uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.

RESERVE us, Lord, and grant that we
May from the Pope and Turks be free,
Who would usurp the rightful throne
Of Jesus Christ, Thy only Son.

Lord Jesus, let Thy might be known—
Thou art the mighty Lord alone ;
O'er Christendom Thy power display,
And we shall praise Thy name alway.

Oh Holy Ghost ! Thy grace impart,
Thy people give one mind and heart ;
Stand by us in our final strife,
And bring us safe from death to life.

VI.

Written in 1530, at Coburg, during the Diet of Augsburg.

According to Heine, Luther composed this song on his way to the Diet of Worms.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

A MIGHTY castle is our God,
A good help in the evil day ;
A refuge sure—a firm abode
For them that make of Him their stay.
Again the old and wicked one
Against us puts his armour on ;
Great is his guile and great his might—
'Tis dread the hellish fiend to fight ;
And we on earth shall seek in vain
For one that can the victory gain.

But nothing our poor strength avails,
For we are sunk beneath sin's load ;
Yet there is One the fiend assails—
One sent and chosen by our God.
Who is this great and mighty one ?
It is the Father's only Son !
He is the Lord of Sabaoth—
He is the Lord of Sabaoth !
There is no other God but He,
And He must gain the victory.

What then though devils triumph here,
And wish the saints of God to slay ;
Their hellish rage we do not fear,
For God is our defence and stay.
This world's dread prince no gain shall see—
In safety shall God's people be ;
However dread he may appear,
The little flock need never fear ;
For God Himself shall judge the foe,
And hurl him to eternal woe.


But let the Word of God remain,
Then nothing shall we have to fear ;
God with His strength shall us sustain,
Whatever dangers may be near.
Our foes may take our present life,
Our goods and honors, child and wife ;
Yes ! they may take them if they will,
But we have things more precious still :
Though they possess them, what their gains ?
A kingdom yet to us remains.

•

VI.

ANOTHER VERSION.

*The name of the Lord is a strong tower ; the righteous
runneth into it and is safe.*

 UR God's a tower and shield ;
A strong and sure defence :
To us our every foe shall yield—
Our help's Omnipotence.

The old and wicked one
Again prepares to fight ;
He puts his guile and armour on,
And dreadful is his might.

Our strength shall not avail,
Beneath the weight of sin ;
But there is One that doth assail,
And shall the triumph win.

Who is this mighty One
That meets the foe so wroth ?
He is the Father's only Son—
The Lord of Sabaoth.

What then though Satan rage,
And devils would us slay,
Our God shall all our storms assuage—
Our sure defence and stay.

The foe shall strive in vain—
The flock may rest in peace ;
No victory shall he ever gain—
No triumph shall be his.

But let the Word remain,
And nothing shall we fear ;
Omnipotence shall us sustain,
Whatever may be near.

Our foes may take our life,
But what shall be their gains ?
Though they should take our child and wife,
God's kingdom yet remains.

VII.

A song of the two martyrs of Christ, who were burned at Brussels, by the Sophists of Louvaine, in the year 1523.

Ein neues Lied wir heben an.

A NEW song to the Lord we'll raise,
Of what His truth hath done ;
For His great glory and His praise
A triumph He hath won.
At Brussels in the Netherlands,
His might has been made known ;
Two boys who loved the Lord's commands,
The power of truth have shown :
Great was the faith the Lord of heaven
To these two Christian boys had given.

The first was rightly namèd John,
So rich in grace was he ;
In Henry, too, great graces shone—
Holy as saint could be.
They now have left this world of woe,
Who firm in faith remained ;
Children of God they were below,
And glorious crowns they gained :
Martyrs for God they choose to die,
Much rather than His Word deny.

The wicked fiend from hell's abode,
Made for these boys a snare ;
He wished them to renounce their God,
And vain His Word declare.
Wise Sophists came from proud Louvaine,
And many arts they tried ;
But all their learning was in vain,
The youths on God relied :
While God to them His Spirit sent,
The Sophists' toils for nothing went.

When they opposed their flatteries all,
With threats they were condemned ;
But firm the boys stood as a wall,
And all their threats contemned.
The wicked fiend, in dreadful ire—
His skill in vain was spent—
Commands that to devouring fire
The stubborn youths be sent :
Such was his anger's awful flame,
That little boys him overcame.

Their cloister garments now they take—
Their cloister oaths make vain ;
The children no resistance make,
But gladly say—Amen.

To God their Father thanks they gave,
That now they should be free
From weeds that often clothe a knave
And vile hypocrisy :
In these the devil oft appears,
And cheats the world with sighs and tears.

Then God appointed by His grace
They should His service see,
Meet Him in glory face to face,
And of *Christ's Order* be.
This world's vain show they now despise—
Its joys delight no more ;
But up to heaven they turn their eyes—
Their Saviour to adore ;
They love to leave the things of time,
And journey to a better clime.

A brief indictment next was made,
Which to the boys they show ;
They read what to their charge is laid,
And why to flames they go.
What was their greatest error then ?
“God we must trust alone ;
Mistakes are often made by men,
So God's Word we must own.”
’Twas thus these youths declared their faith,
For this were doomed to suffer death.

Two flaming piles were kindled then,
The little boys to burn ;
But wonder siezed the gazing men,
As to the piles they turn.
Right joyful to the fires they came,
Their Maker's name they praised ;
They care not for the scorching flame—
The Sophists stand amazed :
'Tis here the strength of faith is known,
'Tis here the power of truth is shown.

Yet all their pains have but been lost,
So vile the act they've done ;
They dare not of the deed to boast,
Ashamed is each one.
Their wretched cruelty they feel,
For God no peace imparts ;
Such awful deeds none can conceal—
Remorse must reach their hearts :
The saints' blood ne'er was spilt in vain,
Since Abel murdered was by Cain.

Not silently their ashes lie,
But to all lands proclaim
That they to God for vengeance cry—
For vengeance and for shame.
The fiend had shut their mouths in life,
Though they did him withstand ;

But in this last and fatal strife
They preached to every land :
And yet to heaven aloud they cry,
That vengeance on the Sophists lie.

They slander then the boys when dead,
To hide the awful deed ;
A false report abroad they spread,
That they renounced their creed—
That they had said before their death,
God's saints were vain and vile ;
No credit have they in their faith,
'Tis but deceit and guile :
And that they long did plead and pray,
That in this world they still might stay.

Yet such vile lies we let them feign,
The truth is not concealed :
But thank God for His Word again,
Which is at length revealed.
The summer now is at the door,
The winter's gloom is gone ;
The vernal gales are flitting o'er,
Bright days are coming on :
God hath Himself His work begun,
His work He never leaves undone.

The Word of God.

I.

*Princes have persecuted me without a cause ; but my heart
standeth in awe of Thy Word : I rejoice at Thy Word
as one that findeth great spoil.*

WE give Thee thanks, most gracious Lord,
Thy blessed Word is now restored ;
The lamp that gives the nations light,
Is rescued from the gloom of night.

'Tis through Thy love and mighty power
That we have lived to see this hour ;
To see the blessed light revealed
That was for ages long concealed.

Have mercy, Lord, on those who still
Deny Thy Word, nor do Thy will ;
For better had they ne'er been born,
Who live the book of truth to scorn.

If thou would'st with thy heart believe,
Thou must the Word of God receive ;
Receive it with a willing mind,
And wondrous grace Thy soul shall find.

Peace to thy conscience will it give,
And help thee to the Lord to live ;
Thy sinful heart it will renew,
And give thee joy and comfort too.

Who puts his trust upon the Word,
Is sheltered by the mighty Lord ;
Nor popes nor devils need he fear,
Though all the fiends of hell appear.

Preserve us, Lord, in midst of those
Who Thy most blessed Word oppose ;
Turn Thou to flesh each stony heart,
And light unto their eyes impart.

Men say, and oh ! how vile the thought,
The Word of God no good hath wrought ;
Can that bright lamp which God hath given
Give light to lead astray from heaven ?

Woe, woe to them, who blinded are,
And scorn the light which shines afar ;
For when their lamp withdraws its light,
Their souls must sink in endless night.

Most gracious God, we trust in Thee—
Our hope is in the Deity ;
We know when we resign our breath,
That Thou wilt save our souls from death.

We know while here on earth we live,
That Thou wilt freely all things give ;
That Thou wilt richly us supply
With peace and comfort when we die.

This then our hope shall ever be,
That we shall ne'er be left by Thee ;
But firm shall stand against our foes,
Though men and devils may oppose.

For time or times Thy Word concealed
May lie, but soon 'twill be revealed ;
Thy truth Thou yet shall magnify,
And in this faith I gladly die.

II.

*My soul hath kept Thy testimonies, and I love them
exceedingly.*

THY Word's a lamp and guide,
To lead us on the way
Where peace and righteousness abide,
And mercy holdeth sway.

Thy everlasting truth
Is seen in every page ;
The never-failing guide of youth—
The staff of hoary age.

It tells us of a land—
A blessed land above ;
Where angels robed in glory stand,
And sing the Father's love.

Thy Word shall be our song
For ages yet to come ;
Its precepts shall employ our tongue
Until we reach our home.

When in distress we lie,
Thy Word is all our trust ;
Through it we see beyond the sky
The mansions of the just.

Thy tender mercy send,
As Thou hast promised, Lord,
Thy wondrous love to us extend,
According to Thy Word.

Then shall we love Thy law
And precepts evermore ;
Our hope and comfort thence shall draw,
And still Thy name adore.

Despising meaner things,
Thy truth shall first be named ;
Thy statutes we will speak to kings,
And will not be ashamed.

Merry.

I.

Es wolle uns Gott genädig sein.

FATHER, let us Thy mercy see,
To us Thy blessing give ;
Thy face's brightness on us be,
For by Thy light we live.
That we Thy wondrous works may know,
And all that live around ;
With faith may every bosom glow,
And grace by all be found.
Oh ! let the Gospel's glorious light
Dispel the shades of Pagan night !

Then, Lord, the nations Thee shall praise,
And of Thy glories sing ;
All tribes their grateful songs shall raise,
And loud Hosannahs ring.
Freely Thy grace on all bestow,
From error set them free ;
That all Thy glorious truth may know,
And all be turned to Thee :

Thy Word's a lamp with cheerful ray,
That guides us on our heavenly way.

Then praise the Lord, each soul that lives,
And of His goodness tell ;
The earth a glorious increase gives—
His Word hath prospered well.
Father, to us Thy blessing give,
While in this vale below ;
That we in peace on earth may live,
And still Thy goodness show,
Until Thou call our souls away,
To dwell with Thee in endless day.

II.

Nun freut euch Christen insgemein.

ALL ye that fear the Lord, rejoice,
Come, let us sing His praise ;
Let all in one, with thankful voice,
To Him Hosannahs raise.
I'll speak of what the Lord hath done,
And tell His wondrous works each one.

Once I was under Satan's sway,
In gloom of death forlorn ;
Bound in the chains of sin I lay,
Wherein I had been born :

I still pursued the sinners' road,
And wandered far from truth and God.

My righteousness was all in vain,
I nothing had to boast ;
And free-will hates Jehovah's reign,
It too for good was lost.
In dreadful grief of soul I fell,
And trembled on the brink of hell.

Then God, in love and mercy great,
Looked on my darksome night ;
And to me, in my lost estate,
He sent a glorious light :
The Father deigned, from heaven above,
To send to me His wondrous love.

When the appointed time had come,
He thus addressed His Son—
Go bring that weary wanderer home—
That poor and helpless one :
From Satan's bondage set him free,
And let him live in heaven with Thee.

Him cheerfully the Son obeyed,
And came on earth for me ;
Born of a pure and holy maid,
My Brother thus to be :

A great salvation then He brought,
A wondrous work for me He wrought.

Then thus He spake—Abide in Me,
And thou shalt gain the crown ;
To sacrifice My life for thee,
From glory came I down ;
Now I am thine, and thou art Mine,
Though all the powers of hell combine.

For thee my precious blood I've shed—
For thee resigned My breath ;
Lo ! I have suffered in thy stead,
To save thy soul from death ;
My blood shall cleanse thy sins away,
And bring thee to the realms of day.

To God the Father now I go—
No longer here I live ;
Yet will I guide thee here below,
To thee my Spirit give :
Always with thee He will abide,
Thy Teacher, Comforter, and Guide.

What I have done and taught thee here,
Go teach to all around ;
That soon God's kingdom may appear,
And soon His grace abound :
From ways of wicked men refrain,
And in the paths of peace remain.

III.

Wohl dem, der in Gottesfurcht steht.

BLEST is the man who walks alway,
In fear of God and wisdom's way ;
In rich abundance thou shalt be,
And all things shall go well with thee.

Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine,
Where clustering leaves the grapes entwine ;
Like olive twigs, thy table round,
Thy happy children shall be found.

How rich the blessings promised here,
To him that walketh in God's fear ;
The curse shall lose its influence then,
Pronounced on all the sons of men.

From Zion God shall blessings give,
At ease thou in the land shalt live ;
And thou Jerusalem shalt see,
In peace and great prosperity.

God shall prolong thy earthly day,
And be thy comfort and thy stay ;
Thy children's children thou shalt see,
And Israel in peace shall be.

The Law.

—

I.

Mensch willst du leben seliglich.

IF thou a holy life wouldst see,
And with the Lord for ever be ;
Then thou must keep the ten commands,
Which God gave us by Moses' hands.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

I am alone the Lord thy God,
So walk not in the Pagan's road ;
See with thy heart thou worship Me,
Then shalt thou of My kingdom be.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Take not My holy name in vain,
Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane ;
But let it ever sacred be,
That I may work My work in thee.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Do to thy parents what is right,
For that is pleasing in My sight ;

Let not thy soul in anger be,
And from adultery keep free.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Thou shalt not steal, though scant thy fare,
False witness against no one bear ;
Nor covet thou thy neighbour's spouse,
Nor any thing that's in his house.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

II.

Dies sind die heiligen zehn Gebot.

THE Lord Himself from Sinai's hill,
To Moses did reveal His will ;
And did these ten commandments give,
That we in holiness might live.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Worship no other gods but Me—
To idols never bow the knee ;
But in My favor aye abide,
Nor from My service turn aside.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

My name thou shalt not take in vain—
From oaths and idle words refrain ;
Nor say that that is right and sound,
Which cannot in My Word be found.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Holy keep thou the Sabbath-day,
And all who in thy house may stay ;
From toil of every kind be free,
That then God's work be done in thee.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

So long as thou on earth shalt live,
All honor to thy parents give ;
Help them in seasons of distress,
Then long shalt thou the land possess.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Take care that thou no murder do,
And every kind of hate eschew ;
Be always in a gentle mood,
And to thine enemy do good.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

See that in chastity thou live,
And not thy strength to women give ;
In purity spend thou thy days,
And keep from fornication's ways.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Thy neighbour's goods thou shalt not steal,
Nor do him aught to hurt his weal ;
But see thou lend a helping hand
To them that suffer in the land.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

False witness thou shalt never bear,
Nor 'gainst thy neighbour lies declare ;
Whatever faults with him may be,
O'erspread the veil of charity.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Covet thou not thy neighbour's wife
Nor goods, although his gear be rife ;
But as thy own heart wisheth thee,
So wish to him, prosperity.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

All these commands the Lord did give,
That we in holiness should live ;
That we should know the will of God,
And walk in virtue's blessed road.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Then help us, Lord, to do Thy will,
And these Thy holy laws fulfil ;
No deeds of ours can us sustain,
For all our righteousness is vain.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

The Creed.

Wir glauben all' an einen Gott.

WE all believe in God Most High,
The Maker of the earth and sky ;
The Universal Father He,
So we must all His offspring be.
'Tis He that guides us night and day,
He is our comfort and our stay ;
From dangers all He keeps us free,
No accident to us can be :
The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Looks down on us with watchful eye.

In Jesus Christ we, too, believe,
Who came lost sinners to receive ;
Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Co-equal of the Eternal One ;
But who to suffer in our room,
Despisèd not the Virgin's womb ;
And died upon the accursèd tree,
To save us from our misery :
But through our God He rose again,
That with His Father He might reign.

We all believe the promised One,
With God the Father and the Son ;
To all His saints His grace He gives,
Through Him the drooping spirit lives.
This is the faith that all proclaim
Who bear the honored Christian name ;
Sinners on earth shall be forgiven,
And live with God and Christ in heaven :
When all our sorrows here shall end,
To heavenly joys we shall ascend.

Prayer.

I.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Vater unser in Himmelreich.

FATHER of all in heaven above,
We are the children of Thy love ;
By Thy command we call Thee thus,
Thou wilt this prayer be said by us ;
Then grant, while with our lips we pray,
Our hearts from Thee go not astray.

Thy name for ever hallowed be,
Help us that we from sin be free ;
That holy to Thy name we live,
And our best days to Thee we give ;
Keep us from error's hated way,
From truth let not Thy people stray.

To us now let Thy kingdom come,
And afterwards receive us home ;
Let Thy good Spirit in us be,
With all His gifts of charity ;
Let Satan's throne on earth decay,
Thy little flock keep from his sway.

Thy will be done on earth, oh God !
As angels do in heaven's abode ;
In times of trouble patience give,
That we withal content may live ;
The deeds of flesh and blood, Lord, stay,
That we may do Thy will alway.

Give us each day our daily bread,
That famine we may never dread ;
No bloody conflicts may we see,
From war and pestilence be free :
Thus may we spend our days in peace,
Until our wanderings here shall cease.

Forgive us, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The sins and errors we have done,
As we to those who round us live,
Their sins and trespasses forgive ;
Send us Thy favor from above,
That we may live in peace and love.

Lord, in temptation lead us not,
But conquer Satan as we ought ;
Sustain Thou us on either hand,
That we his fiery darts withstand ;
And firm in faith we keep our place,
Supported by Thy Spirit's grace.

Preserve us, Lord, from sinners' ways,
For now we live in evil days ;
Be with us in our dying hour,
Save us from death's eternal power ;
In holiness our lives be passed,
And, oh, receive our souls at last.

Amen, Amen, so let it be ;
Daily increase our faith in Thee ;
That we may trust in Thee always,
Nor doubt the things for which we pray.
Now by Thy Word, and in Thy name,
Again we say the good Amen.

II.

THE LITANY.

Kyrie Eleison.

GAVE mercy on us, Lord, we pray,
Keep us from every evil way ;
Most gracious Lord, Thy people spare,
Preserve them from the devil's snare.
Let not Thy vengeance on us be,
From sin and Satan keep us free ;
From all the ills and toils of earth ;
From plague, and pestilence, and dearth ;

From error's every hated form ;
From lightning and the dreadful storm ;
From disobedience to Thy Word,
Preserve Thou us, most gracious Lord.

By the mystery of Thy birth ;
By Thy holy life on earth ;
By Thy coming to redeem ;
By Thy poverty extreme ;

Have mercy on us, Lord.

By Thy fasting and Thy toils,
Thy baffling the tempter's wiles ;
By Thy sorrows and Thy cares ;
By Thy tears, and griefs, and prayers ;

Have mercy on us, Lord.

By Thy bonds and scourgings great ;
By Thy agony and sweat ;
By Thy suffering on the tree,
And in dread Gethsemane ;

Have mercy on us, Lord.

By Thy dying us to save ;
By Thy rising from the grave ;
Thy ascending up on high,
Leading bound captivity ;

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Deliver us, good Lord, we pray,
From everything that leads astray ;
In death be Thou our shield and stay,
Stand by us in the judgment-day.

We humbly pray, with one accord,
And Thee beseech, most gracious Lord,
To send Thy Word to all mankind,
That every soul salvation find.
Wield o'er Thy Church Thy mighty sway,
And let it never go astray.
More laborers to the harvest send,
That truth to all the earth extend ;
That every tribe on every shore
May learn the Saviour to adore.
The ways of wicked men restrain,
That those in power may truth maintain ;
Be Thou a shield to them that stand,
Give to the weak Thy strengthening hand ;
Upraise the poor that seem to fall,
Great grace and glory give to all :
O'er them let Thy protection be,
Now travelling by land or sea.
Have mercy on the orphans' grief,
And to the captives send relief ;
Thy pity show to all that live,
And all our enemies forgive.

Turn Thou to truth each erring heart,
And light and life to all impart :
The precious fruits of earth preserve,
That we may live Thy name to serve.

Have mercy on us, Lord, we pray,
Our many sins wash Thou away ;
To us the Spirit's graces give,
That we in holiness may live :
Have mercy on us on that day
When heaven and earth shall pass away.
Oh ! Thou holy Lamb of God—
Thou who hast borne the sinners' load,
Soon let our toils and troubles cease,
And grant our souls a blissful peace ;
That when we leave this earthly strife,
Our gain be everlasting life.

III.

Verleih uns Frieden gnädiglich.

WE Thee beseech, with one accord,
To grant us peace, most gracious Lord !
We have no other help but Thine,
Then shield us by Thy power divine.

Thou art the mighty King of kings,
Majestic Ruler of all things ;
Thee all the sons of earth obey,
All tribes are subject to Thy sway.

By many foes encompassed round,
Oh ! help us, Lord, to keep our ground ;
Assuage their wrath—abate their pride,
And stand by us on either side.

Preserve us, Lord, for evermore,
That we Thy holy name adore,
That we may see Thee face to face,
And praise the wonders of Thy grace.

IV.

Oh God ! the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul.

THE proud their wicked schemes devise
Against my troubled soul ;
Arise, Almighty God ! arise,
And their designs control :
Lord, I am Thine, protect Thou me,
My trust is ever placed in Thee.

Their mouths are full of guile and lies,
And snares for me they make ;
Arise, oh Lord of hosts ! arise,
On me compassion take :
The righteous put their trust in Thee,
Then let the vile confounded be.

With vengeance Thou shalt yet arise,
And in Thy wrath appear
To them who still Thy name despise,
And walk not in Thy fear :
When vengeance in Thy soul shall burn,
The wicked's joy to grief shall turn.

Arise, oh God ! display Thy might—
Attend Thy people's cries ;
Since mercy is Thy chief delight,
To show it, Lord, arise :
From earth let all the wicked cease,
And give Thy chosen people peace.

Oh God ! how bright shall be that day,
When all our toils are o'er,
And our glad souls shall fly away
To yonder blissful shore :
Oh, how supremely blest are they
Who make the Lord their only stay !

Baptism.

I.

A SPIRITUAL SONG OF OUR HOLY BAPTISM.

Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam.

WHERE Jordan's stream was rolling on,
It was the Father's will

That Christ should be baptised by John,
His calling to fulfil.

A fountain thus He wished to make,
For us to wash within ;

That we might of His grace partake,
And cleanse away our sin :

He also died upon the cross,
That we might thus retrieve our loss.

Now, Christians, mark and ponder well,
What 'tis to be baptised ;

That you the truth of God may tell,
And what's by man devised.

God says and wills, that water be,
And yet not it alone,

For Christ the Word you also see,
Likewise the Holy One :

Christ's blood the water signifies,
'Tis God Himself that doth baptise,

'Twas shown by symbols on that day,
That Jesus should redeem ;
The Father's voice was heard to say,
Beside the Jordan's stream—
In this My well-belovèd Son
My soul delights alway,
In all things let His will be done,
Him shall ye all obey :
The words that He shall speak are Mine,
His doctrines all are truth divine.

Here stood the Christ in human frame,
When from the realms above,
On Him the Holy Spirit came,
In semblance of a dove.
All Christians should this truth believe,
And here may plainly see,
When we this sacred rite receive
There present are the Three ;
God dwells in all believing hearts,
And peace and joy to them imparts.

Christ to His twelve Apostles said,
Go preach to all mankind ;
For they are lost in sin and dead,
And must repentance find.

Those that believe you shall baptise,
That they may live in faith,
As new-born men they shall arise,
And taste no more of death ;
A crown of glory they shall gain,
My Father's kingdom shall obtain.

Whoe'er will not receive this faith,
But love in sin to dwell,
Shall be condemned to endless death
In lowest depths of hell.
Their own good works shall be in vain—
Their state be all forlorn ;
And in the chains of sin remain,
Wherein that they were born :
Their toils and trials all shall fail,
Their righteousness shall not avail.

Water alone this seems to be,
Our eyes no further go ;
But faith can by the Spirit see
The blood of Jesus flow—
That ever-blessed purple stream,
From Him who once was slain,
That flows the nations to redeem,
And cleanses every stain :
The guilt that still may reign within,
And all the guilt of Adam's sin.

II.

*The blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than
that of Abel.*

BY water Jesus came,
And not by it alone ;
But also by the cleansing blood,
Which did for sin atone.

Here in this sacred font
The water meets our eyes ;
But more than this our faith can see—
It on the blood relies—

The precious blood that flowed
From the Redeemer's side,
When on the cross for us He died,
A ransom to provide.

We here this child baptise—
This child in Adam lost ;
Be present, then, most gracious God,
And Son, and Holy Ghost.

Jesus, this child receive,
Baptise him with Thy blood ;
And cleanse his soul from all the guilt
That has from Adam flowed.

III.

And now, why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptised, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.

COME, repenting sinners, come,
And wash your sins away ;
The blood of Jesus flows for you,
Why will ye longer stay ?

Tarry not to come to Him,
Whate'er your sins have been ;
His blood will wash out every stain,
'Twill make the foulest clean.

Now the font is open here,
This rite by Christ ordained,
To symbolize the precious blood,
Through which we peace obtained.

Ye who to this font have come,
And in the Lord believed,
Exult in joyful songs and tell
What blessings ye received—

Now what glorious robes ye wear—
What inward peace enjoy ;
Go tell to all who round you are
What thoughts your minds employ.

Now baptised unto His death,
Again to life restored,
Rejoicing in the glorious hope,
And risen with your Lord.

IV.

And forthwith came thereout blood and water.

CHRIST'S blood for us was spilt,
And water with it flowed ;
'Tis this hath cleansed away our guilt,
And life on us bestowed.

No sinner needs to fear,
Nor longer make delay ;
But let him at this font appear,
And wash his sins away.

Come to the purple tide,
Your sinful heart renew ;
'Tis flowing from Immanuel's side—
It floweth on for you.

Jesus, Thy blood apply,
We here this soul baptise ;
To sin let now this sinner die,
To righteousness arise !

Repentance.

I.

Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir.

FROM deep distress I cry to Thee—
Oh ! heavenly Father, hear my cry ;
Lend now a gracious ear to me,
And grant me mercy from on high.
Lord, shouldst Thou mark the sinner's way,
Who could within Thy presence stay ?

It is by grace, and grace alone,
That sin can ever be forgiven ;
Good works for us could not atone,
Nor ever bring our souls to heaven ;
We must have mercy at Thy hand,
Before in judgment we can stand.

Therefore in God secure I rest,
On Him alone my trust I place ;
On Him I lean my drooping breast,
And trust Him for His boundless grace :
His Word is true which speaks to me,
On it my hope shall ever be.

And should I wait from morn till night,
 And even till the morn again,
 Yet would I trust my Father's might,
 Nor would my trust be found in vain ;
 For dark howe'er may be the road,
 Yet faith doth ever cling to God.

However great our sins be found,
 The Father's grace is greater still ;
 His hand to help us hath no bound,
 And deeds of mercy will fulfil.
 He slumbers not—He never sleeps,
 But Israel He guides and keeps.

II.

I water my couch with my tears.

LORD, here in guiltiness I stand,
 Let not Thy indignation burn ;
 I beg for mercy at Thy hand,
 From judgment unto pity turn ;
 My soul is troubled sore within,
 Forgive, oh Lord ! forgive my sin.
 Oh ! save me for Thy mercy's sake,
 And turn Thy righteous wrath away ;
 Oh Lord ! on me compassion take,
 Nor longer seek my soul to slay :

Return, oh Lord ! return again,
And free my troubled soul from pain.

With tears each night I wash my bed,
And deeply in my spirit groan ;
I find no place to rest my head,
My sins and follies thus I moan :
Great is my grief both night and day,
Forgive my sins, oh Lord ! I pray.

III.

And him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out.

LORD Jesus ! unto Thee I cry,
Oh ! hear my earnest prayer ;
Lo ! in what deep distress I lie—
My sins I cannot bear ;
Their number is immensely more
Than sands upon the ocean's shore.

Thy pity unto me extend,
Remove my sins away ;
To me Thy grace and mercy send,
My bleeding wounds to stay ;
Oh ! give an answer to my prayer,
And save my soul from dark despair.

When I look back on days gone by,
 In sin and folly spent,
 I scarcely can for mercy cry—
 I scarcely dare repent ;
 I would, indeed, be hopeless, Lord,
 But for the promise of Thy Word.

For there this truth is told to me,
 Thou wilt not send away
 The poorest wretch that comes to Thee,
 For saving grace to pray ;
 It tells that to the contrite heart
 Thou wilt Thy love and grace impart.

A burdened sinner I appear,
 A load of sin I bear ;
 To my complaints, Lord, lend an ear,
 Regard my humble prayer ;
 This is my cry, that I obtain
 The cleansing of sin's every stain.

Thus I approach the mercy seat,
 And pray Thee to forgive ;
 With contrite heart I Thee entreat,
 In mercy let me live ;
 Take all my sins away from me,
 And cast them in the boundless sea.

The Lord's Supper.

I.

Jesus Christus, unser Heiland.

JESUS the Christ—the Lamb of God,
Who bore the sinner's heavy load ;
Sorrows and griefs no tongue can tell,
Hath freed us from the pains of hell.

He, almost with His latest breath,
Ordained, lest we forget His death,
That bread should be His body's sign,
His blood the sacramental wine.

Who would upon this manna feed,
Must ponder well the solemn deed ;
Lest he instead of heavenly meat,
Should to himself of judgment eat.

Praise God, who such a table spread,
And gave to us such holy bread ;
That for our surety Jesus stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood.

Believe, believe with all thy soul,
This bread shall make thy spirit whole ;
Thy drooping heart need never fear,
A cordial for thy wounds is here.

Such grace and love is only borne
To hearts with grief and anguish torn ;
If not in grief thy soul may be,
This sacrament is not for thee.

Ye poor ones, come, the Saviour cries,
With me for you great pity lies ;
They that are whole no healing need,
They may not on this manna feed.

If safety with thyself may be,
Why need I then have died for thee ?
For thee this table shall be vain,
If thy good works salvation gain.

If with thy heart thou dost believe
This sacrament thou mayst receive ;
To thee it shall great blessings give,
By it thy dying soul shall live.

Then quickly shall the fruit be seen—
Thy heart be filled with love serene ;
Thy neighbours, too, shall, wondering, see
What God the Lord hath done for thee.

II.

Gott sei gelobet und gebenedeiet.

GLORY and praise to God we give,
In Him we move—in Him we live ;
His flesh and blood we here may eat,
And thus partake of heavenly meat.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Lord Jesus, by Thy holy frame,
Which from Thy mother, Mary, came ;
By all Thy pangs and sufferings great,
Oh save us from our lost estate !

Have mercy on us, Lord.

For us Thou didst Thy body give,
That by Thy death our souls might live ;
No greater good in heaven could be,
That we could think to ask from Thee.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Great was Thy love, Eternal One,
For us Thy blood hath wonders done ;
It cleanses every sinful stain,
And brings us back to Thee again.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Oh ! let Thy grace in us abound,
That we be in the right way found ;
That truth and love in us remain,
And thus Thy feast be not in vain.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

Lord, let Thy Spirit in us be,
Help us to live alone to Thee ;
Let strifes and angry passions cease,
That we Thy poor ones live in peace.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

III.

This do, in remembrance of Me.

A WAKE ! awake, and praise the Lord !
Dismiss your griefs and cares ;
A sacred feast He doth afford—
A table here prepares.
Our hungry souls may now be fed,
And taste of heavenly meat ;
Christ's body is our living bread—
His flesh we now may eat.

Oh Lord ! we thank Thee, by Thy grace
We are invited here ;
And at Thy table take our place,
Before Thee to appear.
Now for our souls the ransom's paid—
The blood is on each door ;
Nothing can to our charge be laid,
Death's angel passes o'er.

Oh Thou ! who didst for sin atone,
And bore reproach and shame,
We humbly bow before Thy throne,
And call upon Thy name :
Give us Thy blessing while we kneel,
And drink this blood of Thine ;
That in our hearts we all may feel
The power of grace divine.

To keep Thy sacred feast we're met—
We Thee remember thus ;
Lord, never let our hearts forget
That Thou hast died for us :
When to Thy table we draw near,
Oh ! help us well to think
Why in Thy presence we appear,
Lest we of judgment drink.

We humbly now Thy grace implore,
And trust alone in Thee ;
Let sin triumph o'er us no more,
From Satan keep us free ;
And when we see Thee in the sky,
Coming to earth again,
Our souls shall joy exultingly,
That we shall join Thy train—
That we shall join the ransomed throng
Who in Thy presence stand,
And sing the everlasting song
In yonder blissful land :
Hallelujah to the Lamb !
Our tongues aloud shall cry ;
Glory and praise be to His name,
Who did for sinners die.

IV.

*But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that
bread and drink of that cup.*

TO turn away the wrath of God
The Saviour died upon the tree ;
He bore the sinners' heavy load,
That we from bondage might be free ;

And by the blood that from Him flowed,
New life on us He hath bestowed.

Come, let us celebrate His love,
Who left His glorious throne on high—
Who from the blissful world above
Once came to earth for man to die ;
His blood's our drink—His flesh our bread,
And thus are we on manna fed.

Let every thirsty soul draw near,
And all who are oppressed with grief ;
Christ at His table shall appear,
And bring to every soul relief :
Come, then, ye troubled ones, draw nigh,
The Lord will all your wants supply.

But put not in thy works thy trust,
Nor in self-righteousness thy stay ;
If to thyself thou seemest just,
With shame shalt thou be sent away :
This sacrament but maketh whole
The troubled and afflicted soul.

Examine then thy state of grace,
And peace with all thy neighbours make,
Ere at this feast thou take a place,
Or of this bread and wine partake :

Then mayst thou sit a welcome guest,
Howe'er thy soul may be distressed.

They who the love of Jesus know
Are now from wrath and vengeance freed ;
Mercy to them the Lord will show,
And count them of His chosen seed :
Oh ! may we then, in all our ways,
Show forth the Great Redeemer's praise.

Trust in God.

I.

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.

WHO in the Lord confide
Have never cause to fear ;
For God is ever by their side,
To comfort and to cheer.

What profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming grief?
Thy sighs and tears will all be vain—
They cannot bring relief.

Put thou in God thy trust,
And patiently be still ;
The Lord Himself protects the just,
But sovereign is His will.


We may approach His throne
With cares and griefs distressed ;
But the time must be His own
To answer our request.

God heareth every cry
In every land and clime ;
He never missed a tear or sigh,
Then let us wait His time.

Oh ! let us all be still,
And place in Him our trust ;
And when He works His sovereign will,
Then shall we own it just.

II.

Thou hast comforted me.

FT there comes a dreary hour,
When no earthly thing can cheer ;
And we're under sorrow's power,
With no peace nor comfort near ;
Then in deep distress we fly
To the Lord—the Lord most high.

Tell we Him our tale of grief,
And He listens to our prayer ;
Then to us He sends relief,
For His people are His care :
Israel He guides and keeps,
Slumbers not and never sleeps.

To the Lord, who loves to bend
Down to earth a gracious ear ;
All His children to attend,
And their weak complaints to hear ;
'Tis on Him we place our trust—
Him who comforteth the just.

III.

*There is none other name under heaven given among men,
whereby we must be saved.*

LORD Jesus ! whither can we go
For mercy in our day of woe ?
No other name than Thine we know,
Through which we can salvation find.
Peace with the Father Thou hast made,
And for our souls the ransom paid,
For Thou hast died for all mankind.

Then shall we come to Thee alone,
And beg for mercy at Thy throne,
Since Thou for all men didst atone,
That pardoning grace to us be given.
To Thee shall all our prayers ascend,
On Thee shall all our hopes depend,
For peace on earth and rest in heaven.

IV.

Oh grave, where is thy victory ?

VICTOR o'er the gloomy grave,
Jesus rose, who died to save ;
Need I then to fear the gloom
That we think surrounds the tomb ?

Glad I yield my life and breath,
Fear I not the gloom of death ;
Soon I'll reach that blissful place,
Where I'll see Him face to face.

But my flesh in hope shall be
From the ills of life set free ;
Though it pass the dreary bourne,
Yet to life it shall return.

This my hope shall aye remain,
Come what will—come grief or pain ;
He shall wipe my every tear,
When in glory I appear.

V.

A wise man, which built his house upon a rock ; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not : for it was founded upon a rock.

MY anchor is within the vail ;
Whatever may my soul betide,
Against me nothing can prevail,
For God the Lord is on my side :
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
My trust shall still unshaken stay.

The Rock of truth I now have found,
Here shall I ever stand secure ;
I safely anchor in the ground
That shall for evermore endure :
When all the things of earth are fled,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Nor waves nor storms can bring me harm,
While on this Rock I place my trust ;
My strength is the Almighty arm—
The shield and refuge of the just :
Here shall I dwell, and dwell serene,
Amid life's every chequered scene.

Though fiends of hell against me rise,
Their looks of wrath I will not fear ;
While on the Lord my soul relies,
He shall for my defence appear :
He is my fortress and high tower,
My Helper in the evil hour.

My house I build upon this Rock
Which shall for ever be my stay ;
To fire, nor flood, nor tempest shock,
Shall its foundations e'er give way ;
But here shall stand for ever fast,
Long as eternity shall last.

The Worship of God.

I.

*I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house
of the Lord.*

GO up to Zion hill,
With joy I heard them say,
There to learn Jehovah's will,
And keep the festal day :
Israel's tribes in Salem meet,
To worship at the mercy-seat.

To view is Zion fair,
The tribes go up with joy
To praise the God of Jacob there,
And harp and song employ :
In Salem's courts—in Zion's gates,
Praise for the Lord Jehovah waits.

There is the judgment-seat
Of David's ancient line,
Where justice, truth, and mercy meet,
And holiness divine ;
And thither shall we now repair,
To worship God with praise and prayer.

We pray for Salem's peace,
In her may joy be found ;
And may her beauty still increase,
And holiness abound :
Great blessings shall upon him be
Who wisheth her prosperity.

I will, for Israel's sake,
Wish well to Zion hill ;
To God my vows I'll daily make,
That He would bless her still ;
For Salem shall ascend my prayer,
Because the house of God is there.

II.

*One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after ;
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days
of my life.*

I LOVE the house of God—
It is my chief delight ;
There would I make my fixed abode
By day and night.

I love the sound of prayer,
And love the songs of praise ;
Thither do I with joy repair
My voice to raise.

I love the blessed Word,
It comforteth my soul ;
I feel while leaning on the Lord
My spirit whole.

I love of Christ to hear—
To hear the Gospel's sound ;
For then salvation seemeth near—
And safe my ground.

I love to celebrate
The Saviour's dying love,
And see beyond the present state
My home above.

I love this day to meet
The Saviour's little flock,
Who through His grace have placed their feet
Upon the Rock.

I love the Sabbath-bell,
That calls me to adore—
To joys with which my soul would dwell
For evermore.

MISSIONS.

—

I.

Oh ! send forth Thy light and Thy truth.

HEATHEN nations, Lord, are dying,
Thousands now resign their breath ;
Loud to Thee Thy saints are crying—
Save them from eternal death.

Save the tribes in gloom abiding—
Send to them the Gospel light ;
Let Thy truth in them residing,
Chase away the shades of night.

Lo ! to idols dumb they're falling,
And to gods of wood and stone ;
Mercy they in vain are calling ;
Help, or helper they have none.

Lord ! arise, Thy might revealing,
Let them trust alone in Thee ;
From the heathen thousands sealing,
Thus Thy chosen ones to be.

—

II.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.

FATHER ! let the beams of glory
Shine on our benighted race ;
Let all learn the Gospel story
Of Thy boundless love and grace :
For now we long that all below
May yet the truth of Jesus know.

Lo ! men have wandered far astray,
And in sin and darkness live ;
Oh ! lead them in the narrow way,
And to all salvation give—
Give light to every darkened soul,
And every wayward heart control.

Oh ! send that long-expected day,
All the world Thy truth shall know ;
When peace and righteousness shall sway
Every heart that dwells below ;
When all the earth at peace shall be,
And men shall homage give to Thee.

Soon may the heathen nations leave
Idols dumb of wood and stone,
And to the great Jehovah cleave—
Serving Thee the Lord alone :

Let now the beams of grace divine
On this our world of darkness shine.

What dismal gloom the world is in,
When Jehovah is unknown ;
When men in darkness and in sin,
Worship gods of wood and stone ;
How far they've wandered on the road
That leads astray from truth and God !

Lord, we again Thy grace implore,
Send Thy light to every mind ;
That all the world may Thee adore,
And each soul salvation find :
Oh ! let the Gospel tidings fly
To all that dwell below the sky.

The Sabbath.

And call the Sabbath a delight.

THE Sabbath-day returns—
That day of rest and peace,
Which God in mercy hath bestowed,
When earthly labors cease.

And to the sacred house
His people now repair,
To hear the blessed Word of grace,
And lift their hearts in prayer.

We meet before His throne
Upon this hallowed day,
With grateful hearts for mercies past,
And further blessings pray.

While in His presence now,
We think upon that rest
Which shall be ours, when we arise
To mingle with the blest—

When earthly Sabbaths end,
And all their joys are o'er,
And we in glory shall appear,
Our Saviour to adore.

When we at rest shall be
Where sorrows cannot come,
In our blest fatherland above—
Our own eternal home.

May all our Sabbaths here
Our hearts and minds prepare,
To enter on the blessed joys
That wait our spirits there.

And hasten, Lord, the time
When we shall reach that place—
When we shall in Thy courts appear,
And see Thee face to face.

Morning Hymn.

His compassions fail not, they are new every morning.

FATHER ! another day I see—
Another rising sun ;
May I devote this day to Thee,
This day Thy will be done.

My sleep has been a peaceful rest,
Protected by Thy care ;
I leaned upon Thy arm and breast,
And trusted Thee in prayer.

And now in health and strength I rise,
My calling to pursue ;
Lord ! may I have before my eyes
Thy praise in all I do.

Let my chief end in life be this—
To teach to all around
The way to glory and to bliss,
In the Redeemer found.

Thus may each day of life be past,
Till earthly things are o'er ;
And I ascend to heaven at last,
To glory evermore.

Evening Hymn.

*The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear
Him, and delivereth them.*

NOW sinks to rest the golden sun,
In yonder radiant sky ;
Again his giant race is run,
And darkness draweth nigh,

The time of sleep is near at hand,
A stillness holds the air ;
Before Thy throne, oh God ! I stand,
To breathe my humble prayer.

To render grateful thanks for all
The blessings of the day ;
And meekly at Thy footstool fall,
For Thy defence to pray.

Forgive the sins that I have done—
Remember them no more ;
And grant me mercy through Thy Son,
That I Thy name adore.

I thank Thee Thy protecting arm
Has been around my head,
And safely shielded me from harm,
And all the ills I dread.

The evening shades invite to rest,
And darkness reigns around ;
Oh, may this night on Jesus' breast
My sweet repose be found !

With joy I close my wearied eyes,
My soul is in Thy care ;
And should I in the morning rise,
I will renew my prayer.

But if it is Thy wise decree
That I shall rise no more ;
Then, Father, take my soul to Thee,
To dwell for evermore.

Cradle Song.

Of such is the kingdom of God.

GENTLY rest thy infant head,
Angels are around thy bed ;
They who serve the Lord alway,
Are beside thee night and day.

God help thee to live aright,
Fill thy mind with heavenly light ;
Make thee live a life of peace,
And in every grace increase.

Children to the Lord are dear,
When His name they love and fear ;
Jesus loves the meek and mild,
He was once a little child.

Early did rich graces shine
In His infancy divine ;
Be thou, then, my darling child,
Like to Jesus, meek and mild.

All the blessed things of heaven
To His own the Lord hath given ;
If thou, then, wouldst see His face,
Thou must be a child of grace.

Blessings great did He obtain
By His life and dying pain ;
'Twas the guilt that stained thy birth
Brought the Lord a child to earth.

When thy earthly bonds shall cease,
Mayst thou reach the port of peace ;
When thy chequered life is o'er
Live with Jesus evermore.

Sleep, dear child ! and take thy rest ;
If with riper years thou'rt blest,
Grow in wisdom and in grace,
Till thou see the Saviour's face.

CONSCIENCE.

I.

*All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with
whom we have to do.*

THERE is a voice that speaks within—
A monitor that never sleeps,
But tells us of our every sin,
And constant vigilance it keeps.

By day, by night its watchful eye
Takes note of every action done ;
Our inmost thoughts it loves to pry,
And tells us all we ought to shun.

If to its voice men listen not,
But will its counsels disregard,
Remorse and shame shall be their lot,
And pain shall be their just reward.

No place could find the murderer Cain
Where consolation could be his ;
He searched the world, but searched in vain—
He never found the wished for peace.

We will in vain our sins disguise,
For sure it is, beyond a doubt,
Whatever schemes we may devise,
Our sins at length shall find us out.

There's no retreat where'er we fly—
No refuge can by us be found ;
But conscience' sting is ever nigh,
To inflict on us its dreadful wound.

It may be silenced for a time—
Its warning voice may seem but weak ;
But yet where'er it seeth crime,
It will at length in thunder speak.

Oh mortals ! learn what God decrees,
And be for ever on your guard ;
For all iniquity He sees,
And sin shall have its just reward.

II.

Be sure your sin shall find you out.

THERE'S a voice that speaks in the ocean's
roar,

And it speaks in the foaming spray ;
I would that I heard its sound no more,
For it troubles me night and day.

I hear it in every passing breeze,
And it sigheth in every gale ;
It rustles aloft in the forest trees,
And it mutters throughout the vale.

It is not hushed in the evening calm,
But I hear its wild accents still ;
And my spirit in vain is seeking a balm,
Though I wander the world at will,

To the busy haunts of men I go,
And I mix with the noisy crowd ;
But it follows me still with its wail of woe,
And its murmurings long and loud.

Beasts of the field and fowls of the air
Still re-echo the sound to me,
And I feel I am doomed to dark despair,
To no place of rest can I flee.

The Majesty of God.

*Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth ; and the
heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall
perish, but Thou shalt endure.*

LET all the world rejoice,
The great Jehovah reigns ;
The thunders are His awful voice,
Our life His will ordains ;
The glories of His name
The lightnings, floods, and hail proclaim.

He rules by sea and land,
O'er boundless realms He sways ;
He holds the oceans in His hand,
And mighty mountains weighs :
Unequalled, and alone,
In majesty He fills His throne.

This universe He made
By His prevailing might ;
The earth's foundations He hath laid,
And scattered ancient night,
When heaven, and earth, and sea
Proclaimed His awful majesty.

When the bright orb of day
First gleamed with ruddy light,
And yonder moon, with silver ray,
Marched up the vault of night ;
And stars bedecked the skies,
That seemed creation's thousand eyes ;

And earth's fair form was seen,
With flowers and blossoms dressed ;
And trees, and fields, and meadows green
Adorned her youthful breast,
Hung out in boundless space
Amid the ocean's cool embrace—

Glad was the angel throng
To see His might prevail,
And loud they sung a joyful song,
This universe to hail ;
While yet in youth it stood,
The Maker, too, pronounced it good.

But this fair world shall die—
The creature of a day ;
In ashes and in ruins lie,
Its glory passed away :
As when before her birth
Again shall be this mighty earth.

Soon shall the day be o'er
Of yonder brilliant sun,
And he shall set to rise no more—
His race of glory run ;
And soon, alas ! all soon
Shall fade, the stars and yon pale moon.

But, ever fixed, the throne
Of the Eternal One
Shall stand, when all creation's gone,
Unequalled and alone,
New worlds to make at will,
And His own wise designs fulfil.

HEAVEN.

*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered
into the heart of man, the things which God hath
prepared for them that love Him.*

THERE is a land above—
Its glories none can tell ;
A blessed home of joy and love,
Where saints and seraphs dwell ;
And they who love the Lord below,
To this all-glorious land shall go.

It is a world of peace,
Where passions rage no more ;
Where saints from all their troubles cease,
And all their griefs are o'er ;
Where they who in the Lord believe
Bright crowns of glory shall receive.

What wonders shall they see
In realms of endless day !
They kings and priests to Him shall be,
Whom all the hosts obey ;
Bright robes of glory they shall wear,
And palms of victory shall bear.

The Lamb shall be their Guide
By meads and verdant shades—
By streams where living waters glide,
And beauty never fades ;
Where sorrow, sin, nor death's dark gloom
Can ever touch the glowing bloom.

They'll see Him face to face,
And with Him ever dwell ;
And praise the wonders of His grace
Beyond what tongue can tell :
Eternal weight of glory theirs,
A blest exchange for earthly cares !

Oh, help us, Lord ! while here,
To know the ways of peace ;
The Saviour's name to love and fear
Till time with us shall cease ;
That we may join that glorious song,
And mingle with the ransomed throng.

That we may walk in white,
From sin and sorrow free ;
And with the hosts in praise unite
For evermore to Thee ;
That when the toils of earth are o'er,
Our souls may reach that blissful shore.

Joy in Believing.

I.

*Things present, or things to come ; all are yours, and
ye are Christ's.*

JESUS, how blest are they
Who here enjoy Thy love !
And thus anticipate the day
Of endless bliss above.

The things of heaven are theirs—
They taste of joys divine ;
Who cast on Thee their griefs and cares,
And on Thy breast recline.

When sin and woe assail,
By faith they fly to Thee ;
And through Thy might their souls prevail—
Their foes before them flee.

Protection in Thy arm
They never fail to find,
And there are safe from every harm,
Against their foes combined.

Affliction passeth o'er,
When trusting in Thy grace ;
And clouds of sorrow fly before
The brightness of Thy face.

Their troubles oft they hail,
To fit them for the skies ;
And know when they o'er sin prevail,
Triumphant they shall rise.

Jesus, Thou sinners' Friend !
Extend Thy love to me ;
That when life's pilgrimage shall end,
My rest be found with Thee.

This world I can despise,
If I am only Thine ;
And, through Thy grace, can lift my eyes
To blessed joys divine.

II.

*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in
His own blood.*

MY heart is full of joy
When I the cross survey,
On which Messiah shed His blood
To wash my sins away ;
Calmly I can this world resign,
For now celestial joys are mine.

His love I will proclaim
To all that live around ;
The cross of Christ my theme shall be,
Where I have mercy found ;
I and the cross can never part,
For now 'tis wedded to my heart.

How can I e'er forget,
That one so vile as I
Should see the mercy of the Lord,
And feel salvation nigh ;
Such things for me the Lord hath wrought,
I'm lost in wonder at the thought.

How gracious is His love !
How sweet to walk therein !
And see the light of truth dispel
The dismal night of sin :
Christ is our Sun, whose gladdening rays
Shall guide us all our earthly days.


He cheers the drooping soul—
He comforteth the just ;
How blest it is to feel Him near,
And put in Him our trust ;
He guides us safely through this vale,
Whatever dangers may assail.

He fills our souls with hope,
That we shall yet arise
To dwell with Him in realms of bliss—
In mansions of the skies ;
There through eternity to raise
The sacrifice of endless praise.

The Christian Course.

I.

*Now my days are swifter than a post : they flee away ;
they see no good.*

OUR life is like a flowing stream,
That quickly passes on ;
A fastly fading morning dream,
That in an hour is gone.
It hastens with an eagle's flight,
That darteth to its prey ;
Or as a gleam of evening light,
That fleetly fades away.

And yet we pass our lives below
Unmindful of the thought,
That our eternal weal or woe
In this frail scene is wrought.
As falls the tree so must it lie,
For such is heaven's decree ;
So men shall be as when they die,
Whate'er that state may be.

Apace then let us hasten on,
Our earthly race to run ;
That when the fleeting days are gone,
Our work below be done :
That when we leave our clay abode,
We may to glory rise ;
And meet our Saviour and our God
In mansions of the skies.

II.

There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.

BELIEVERS go from place to place,
With cares and griefs oppressed ;
But when they've run their earthly race,
They'll find a glorious rest.
When from the things of time they cease,
God brings them to the port of peace ;
The seed is sown with hopes and fears,
But soon the precious fruit appears.

How happy when our race is o'er—
Our journey at an end ;
Our spirits, bound to earth no more,
To glory shall ascend !

The soul with God shines brighter far
Than yonder brilliant morning star ;
Our toils and troubles there shall cease,
Our bodies rest in blissful peace.

We know our hope is not in vain ;
But, great beyond compare,
Our pilgrim garments shall remain
Preserved with holy care.
How sweet, indeed, shall be our rest
On Jesus' arm—on Jesus' breast :
'Tis love that leads us such a road—
'Tis love that brings us up to God.

III.

I am a stranger in the earth.

I HAVE no resting place on earth,
I seek a home on high ;
I seek the country of my birth—
The mansions of the sky.

Now all my treasure there is seen,
And all my thoughts are there ;
Where I shall walk 'mong pastures green,
Beneath the Shepherd's care.

What tongue can tell the glorious things
Around my Father's throne,
Where everlasting pleasure springs,
And sorrow is unknown !

Oh ! why should earthly thoughts employ
My heart with toils and cares,
When there such wondrous bliss and joy
The Lord for me prepares ?

Oh ! hasten, Lord, the time when I
Shall leave this scene of woe ;
And to the mansions of the sky
Be summoned hence to go.

IV.

The God of Jacob is our refuge.

WHEN hours of sorrow us assail,
And our poor strength can not avail ;
How sweet to rest, oh King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings !

Safe are we then from every harm,
Protected by the Almighty arm ;
Though cares and griefs the night employ,
The morning comes again with joy.

In sickness and in death Thou art
The joy of the believing heart ;
Thy hand is nigh to give relief
To us in every hour of grief.

Thy people are Thy constant care,
Thine ear is open to their prayer ;
Thou art where'er our feet can tread—
About our path and by our bed.

Oh Father ! guide us in this vale,
For many foes our souls assail ;
And when our wanderings here shall cease,
Then bring us to the fold in peace.

V.

But we glory in tribulations also.

GLADLY will I bear the cross,
Pain and sorrow—welcome guests !
Earthly things I count but loss,
For my soul on Jesus rests.

In the end I shall receive
Blessedness beyond compare ;
We, who in the Lord believe,
Shall eternal glory share.

Christ did deign for us to die,
And to bear reproach and shame ;
Then ascended up on high—
Thus we conquer in His name !

Ye who live a life of faith,
Raise to Him your songs of praise ;
E'en in martyrdom and death,
Loud to Him Hosannas raise.

Stripes and bonds we do not fear—
God shall pity helpless ones ;
Thus while in our journey here,
Dangers are to us as thrones !

Breath.

I.

*Mitten wir im Leben sind,
Von dem Tod umfassen.*

WHAT is our life? a fleeting breath,
In midst whereof we are in death :
Oh ! where on earth shall help be found—
And where to us doth grace abound ?
Oh Father ! whither shall we fly,
To whom shall we for mercy cry ?
We have pursued the sinner's path,
Till our misdeeds have waked Thy wrath ;
A holy, holy God art Thou—
Lord, in repentance here we bow.
Oh Jesus ! let Thy pitying eye
Look now upon our misery ;
And when we here resign our breath,
Oh ! save us from eternal death.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

When the dark shades of death are near,
And the dread jaws of hell appear,
Where shall we find the mighty power
To save us in that awful hour ?

Oh Father ! whither shall we fly,
To whom shall we for mercy cry ?
With Thee alone shall help be found,
When the dark shades of death surround.
A holy, holy God art Thou—
Lord, in repentance here we bow.
Oh Jesus ! let Thy pitying eye
Look down upon our misery ;
Nor suffer Thou our souls to dwell
In the dread burning gulph of hell.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

When sorrow aims its piercing dart,
And pangs of suffering rend the heart ;
Where then escape we from the pain,
That we in safety may remain ?
Oh Jesus ! whither shall we fly,
To whom shall we for mercy cry ?
For us, for us, Thy blood was spilt—
'Tis it shall cancel all our guilt.
A holy, holy God art Thou—
Lord, in repentance here we bow.
Oh Jesus ! let Thy pitying eye
Look down upon our misery :
Lord, may we never turn aside,
But in the way of faith abide.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

II.

Mit Fried' und Freud' ich fahr dahin.

GLADLY from earth and time I cease,
So hath my Father willed ;

My spirit goes to Him in peace—

My calling here fulfilled :

Because of death we may not weep,
For death is but a pleasing sleep.

This is the triumph Jesus made,

For this He came to die ;

That Christians may not be afraid

When death is drawing nigh ;

That He to them might be the life,

And save them in the final strife.

Oh God ! Thou hast of all foretold—

Nor is the promise vain—

That all the world shall yet behold

The Saviour's earthly reign ;

That every land the Lord shall know,

And faith in every bosom glow.

Arise, oh God ! display Thy might,

The Gospel chariot roll ;

Dispel the gloom of Pagan night,

And cheer the drooping soul.

Thou mighty God of Jacob, come,

And bring Thy wandering children home.

III.

*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me.*

WHEN the storms of life are o'er,
And its billows rage no more,
We shall be said to die ;
But the grave shall be a bed
Where to rest the wearied head—
A pathway to the sky.

When the shades of death surround,
Fear with us shall not be found,
Our life shall then begin ;
Leave we then this vale of woe,
Bid farewell to all below,
To sorrow and to sin.

With the evil and the just,
“ Earth to earth and dust to dust ”—
Say friends, with weeping eyes ;
But, though in the dark grave laid,
We will be immortal made,
And shall to glory rise.

IV.

*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith.*

FAREWELL! fond friends, that weeping stand
Around my dreary dying bed ;
I journey to the better land,
I long to rest my wearied head ;
The work my Father gave is done,
My warfare's o'er—my race is run.

Why should I longer wish to stay
Here in this dreary vale below,
Where fairest blossoms soon decay,
And joy is quickly changed to woe—
Where the fond dream of early years
In fleeting visions disappears ?

Weep not, fond friends, that I depart,
Nor be with further cares distressed ;
For glory cheers my drooping heart,
I see, beyond, the glorious rest :
On Pisgah's mountain top I stand,
And gaze upon the promised land.

I see the beams of endless day,
All radiant in yon world afar ;
I long—I long to fly away,
And be where saints and seraphs are ;
To join the everlasting song,
And mingle with yon ransomed throng.

I see the glorious spirit-land,
Of which enraptured bards have sung ;
Where angels robed in glory stand,
And praise ascends from every tongue :
Beyond the grave my visions rise,
And gaze on glories in the skies.

Farewell ! and glory be to God,
I see the realms of endless light ;
Though dark and dismal be the road,
Bright visions burst upon my sight ;
On angels' wings I fly away,
And mingle with the blaze of day !

V.

*All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my
change come.*

FATHER, it is Thy will divine,
That I to Thee my life resign ;
Gladly I leave my griefs and sins,
For now a better life begins.

My time on earth is nearly past,
But now I gain my home at last ;
My toils and troubles soon shall cease,
And I shall reach the port of peace.

Though dark this vale I fear no harm,
For I am sheltered by Thy arm ;
I feel that Thou art present now,
And to Thy will I meekly bow.

Jesus, my trust is placed in Thee—
Thou Friend of sinners pity me ;
Soon shall this feeble body die,
And shall in dust and ashes lie.

But grant my soul in heaven a place,
That I may see Thee face to face ;
And there my heart and voice may raise
To Thee in songs of endless praise.

VI.

*The keepers of the house shall tremble, and those that look
out of the windows shall be darkened.*

THIS feeble tenement of clay
Is quickly falling to decay,
And much I long to fly away,
And visit earth no more.

How soon our transient life is gone ;
How quickly death comes stealing on ;
But I resign without a groan,
Nor longer wish to stay !

Now all the joys of life are fled,
And soon I'll lay my wearied head
To rest me with the silent dead,
And sleep in blissful peace.

Why should I wish on earth to stay,
And longer tread life's rugged way,
Where pleasures are but for a day,
And sorrow oft succeeds ?

What empty joys our thoughts engage ;
How soon our youth is turned to age ;
How brief is life's sad pilgrimage—
How fast it passes on !

Once I was fair as yonder flower
That decks the blossom-laden bower,
But in a short and fleeting hour
My beauty passed away.

The world is fading from my sight,
My eyes now scarcely see the light ;
My arm is weak, that boasted might—
My days are nearly gone.

Soon shall I yield this fleeting breath—
I feel the icy hand of death ;
But I can lift the eye of faith,
And see my help above.

There's One, *in feebleness extreme,*
That can *a helpless worm redeem ;*
And now I put my trust in Him,
Nor shall my trust be vain.

Though dim is now my mortal eye,
Yet I can see beyond the sky
The mansions of the blest on high,
Where I shall ever dwell.

Judgment.

I.

After death, the judgment.

HARK ! I hear a trumpet sound,
And the sun his light denies ;
Earthquakes howl and shake the ground,
And the rock in pieces flies ;
The stars descend that gild the night,
To blood the moon hath changed her light !

And the Lord—the Judge appears,
Seated on His awful throne ;
Nations shriek with guilty fears,
Hearing nature's dying groan :
They cry amid the fearful gloom—
How shall they meet their awful doom.

And the graves are yawning wide—
Parted souls to bodies join ;
Sinners, howling, fly to hide
From the searching eye divine :
But, ah ! in vain—in vain they call
That rocks and mountains on them fall.

Glad the saints of God appear,
Well prepared their Lord to meet ;
Strangers are their hearts to fear—
Dread they not the judgment seat :
Calm and serene they view this day,
Though heaven and earth have passed away.

II.

The judgment of the great day.

NOW comes the dread, the awful day,
This world in flames shall melt away,
And Christ ascend the judgment throne ;
Before Him must I then appear,
And trembling nations shall draw near,
To hear the doom of what they've done.

To darkness runs the guilty crowd,
The conscience-smitten shriek aloud—
The hand of blood is now revealed ;
Hushed are the lips that cursed and swore,
The lustful eye shall lust no more—
The cheating heart is not concealed.

Loud cries for mercy now are heard ;
The righteous meet their just reward ;
 The hand that bountiful had been,
The eye that shed the generous tear,
The lips that did His name revere,
 And hidden deeds of love are seen.

That awful day who can abide,
And where shall men from judgment hide ?
 Confounded millions shall we see :
Their lies shall not avail them then,
Nor fame among the sons of men—
 There as they are they all shall be !

Oh God ! prepare me for that day,
Be Thou my refuge and my stay ;
 My thoughts be ever fixed on high,
That in each thing I say or do,
The judgment I may have in view,
 As under Thy all-seeing eye.

III.

*And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven,
clothed with a cloud.*

I SAW an angel stand
Upon the earth and sea,
And sware by Him that ever lives,
That time no more should be :
The ocean trembled as he spake,
And earth did to her centre shake.

The moon was changed to blood—
The sun had ceased to blaze ;
The stars of heaven reeled, and rushed
To hide their glimmering rays :
A fearful darkness reigned around,
And dreadful earthquakes rent the ground.

I heard a trumpet's noise,
And saw the dead arise ;
And Christ the Lord of glory come,
Descending from the skies :
On every side—throughout the world—
The mountains to and fro were hurled !

The judgment throne was set,
And nations gathered round ;
There were the tribes of every land
Within creation's bound :

The books of record were unsealed,
And awful things were then revealed !

I saw the righteous stand,
Rejoiced their Lord to see ;
Persuaded in their hearts that they
With Him would ever be ;
That they would dwell in realms of day,
And He would wipe their tears away.

I saw the wicked there—
Their hearts were filled with woe,
To everlasting fire they knew
That they were doomed to go ;
Their time was o'er—their die was cast—
Their day of mercy then was past !

Oh God ! aloud I cried,
In mercy grant to me,
While yet my day of grace remains,
I refuge take in Thee ;
That when this world shall pass away,
The Rock of ages be my stay.

The Praise of God.

I.

Iesaia dem Propheten das geschah.

THE rapt Isaiah saw the glorious One
Exalted high upon a lofty throne ;
Upon a throne He sat with robes of fire,
His garments' border overflowed the choir.
The prophet saw beside the King of kings
Two seraphs that had each six radiant wings ;
With twain they veiled their faces from the light,
With twain they hid their feet from mortal sight :
The other twain the seraphs used to fly ;
While each to each with might aloud did cry—
Holy, holy is our God, the Lord of Sabaoth !
Holy, holy is our God, the Lord of Sabaoth !
Holy, holy is our God, the Lord of Sabaoth !
His glory all the earth hath filled ;
The pillars trembled at the awful sound,
And clouds of smoke and darkness rose around.

II.

Herr Gott dich loben wir.

WE praise Thee, God—Thy name we praise,
To Thee our grateful songs we raise ;
By all the world Thou art adored,
Eternal, Uncreated Lord.

By angels and the hosts of heaven
Eternal praise to Thee is given ;
The cherubim aloud proclaim
The glories of Thy holy name ;
The seraphim take up the song,
And loud the joyful notes prolong :

Holy, holy is our God,
Holy, holy is our God,
Holy, holy is our God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

Thy wondrous might and power divine,
Through heaven and earth resplendent shine ;
The twelve apostles on Thee call ;
The ancient seers before Thee fall ;
The noble band of martyrs slain
Join echo to the glorious strain ;
The universal Church on earth
Unite in songs of gladsome mirth
To Thee, the Father, on Thy throne,
And to Thy well-belovèd Son ;

And to the Spirit of Thy grace,
Who comforts all the ransomed race.
Oh Christ ! Thou glorious Heavenly King,
Eternal praise to Thee we bring ;
Who, coming in the sinner's room,
Didst not despise the Virgin's womb.
Death's bands Thou hast to pieces riven,
And to believers opened heaven ;
At God's right hand Thou sitt'st on high,
Amid the glories of the sky :
And we believe the time draws near,
When as our Judge Thou wilt appear ;
Then help Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
For whom Thou didst the ransom pay.
In glory grant to us a place,
That we may see Thee face to face ;
Lord, let Thy chosen people live—
Thy heritage great blessings give ;
Still o'er them wield Thy mighty sway,
And lift their hearts to Thee alway.
From day to day, as years roll round,
We make Thy courts with praise resound ;
We worship and adore Thy name,
Through endless ages still the same.
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, from sin,
That we no more persist therein ;
Have pity on our souls, we pray,
That from Thy truth we ne'er may stray.

Lord, let us Thy great mercy see—
Our hope is firmly placed in Thee ;
Our boast is in Thy holy name—
Oh ! let us not be put to shame.

III.

*The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament
showeth his handywork.*

AWAKE, my soul, to songs of praise,
To God thy glad Hosannahs raise ;
Look from thy clay abode and see
The praises of Immensity.

See yonder sun, with radiant blaze,
Diffuse around his cheering rays ;
In every land he doth proclaim
The glories of the Father's name.

And yon bright moon, with silver hue,
Declares her Maker's glory too ;
While nightly through the sky she goes,
The Father's goodness to disclose.

Behold yon burning stars that roll,
And shed their light from pole to pole ;
That on creation's wonders gaze,
And hymn the great Creator's praise.

And hear the dread—the awful *wake*,
The *bass* the waves of ocean make ;
They loud to heaven and earth proclaim
The glories of His holy name :

And hear that sweet and gentle strain,
That joins in chorus to the main—
That river flowing softly on,
And making music with the stone.

Behold the heaven, the earth, the air—
The Father's praise is everywhere ;
The fields, the trees, the meadows gay,
To Him their grateful homage pay.

The birds that flit on joyous wing,
And pretty spring-tide carols sing,
Awake to Him their gladsome lays,
And tune the Great Creator's praise.

The thunders roar, the lightnings fly,
To praise the Majesty on high ;
The tempests, floods, and hail, proclaim
The great and the eternal name.

Oh God ! let mortals learn Thy ways,
And raise to Thee their songs of praise ;
That all the universe may be
A temple filled with harmony.

IV.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.

SING to the Lord—all nations sing,
Your hearts and voices raise ;
To Him your grateful offerings bring,
And speak aloud His praise :
Come, let us magnify His name,
And all His wondrous works proclaim.

He made the firmament on high,
The stars that gild the night ;
At His command the lightnings fly—
Unbounded is His might :
The heaven and ocean, earth and air,
The Great Jehovah's works declare.

At His command the sun appeared,
And chaos back was hurled ;
A thousand hills their heads upreared,
When first arose this world ;
And streams, and fields, and meadows green,
In youthful comeliness were seen.

Praise to the Lord Jehovah give,
Sing to His holy name ;
Sing praises ye on earth that live,
His goodness all proclaim :

He made the land—He made the sea,
To Him all laud and glory be.

The heavenly hosts their voices raise,
To praise the Lord of might ;
Ten thousand worlds around Him blaze,
The Vast—the Infinite :
The voice of nature calls, that we
Should praise His glorious majesty.

Sing to the Lord ! come, sing aloud—
Unite in joyful strains ;
The heavens He covereth with a cloud,
And gives to earth the rains ;
Food both for man and beast He sends,
The raven's cry His ear attends.

Praise ye the Lord ! oh Zion, praise !
Thy children He hath blessed ;
To Him thy glad Hosannahs raise—
He gives thy borders rest :
Peace in thy land He giveth thee,
And everywhere prosperity.

V.

*Oh ! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good ;
for His mercy endureth for ever.*

ALL glory to the Lord of hosts,
Who made the earth and sky ;
And glory to the Prince of peace,
Who came for man to die.

The hosts of heaven their voices raise,
His glory to proclaim ;
And all the universe unite
To praise His holy name.

His hand created all that is—
His mercies never fail ;
To all on earth His grace extends—
His love and truth prevail.

In my distress to Him I cried,
His mercy lent an ear ;
And from the realms above He deigned
My voice and cry to hear.

He guideth with a Father's care
His chosen little flock ;
And they their trust have placed in Him—
Their sure and steadfast Rock.

When all the creatures of the earth
To them their help deny,
To God they lift their hearts in prayer,
And find a Helper nigh.

Ye who the love of Jesus know,
Give glory to His name ;
His blood hath cleansed your sins away—
His goodness all proclaim.

Give praise and glory to the Lord—
Before His throne appear ;
His mighty deeds to men extol—
Let all His name revere.

VI.

*Praise, oh, ye servants of the Lord ! praise the name
of the Lord.*

COME, from earth's remotest nation,
Let us praise the Lord Most High ;
Now to us He gives salvation—
Praise Him all below the sky.

Let all people now adore Him,
In the temple of His grace ;
Come and bow the knee before Him,
In His favor find a place.

Praise the Lord ! who gives His blessing
Freely to the sons of earth ;
Gratitude to Him expressing—
Him who gave creation birth.

By His might yon sun is gleaming,
Shedding round his cheering rays ;
'Tis He that made the moon's soft beaming—
Come, ye nations, sing His praise !

Praise Him ! who on the cross expiring,
Bore away the sinner's load ;
Thereby life for us acquiring—
Bringing us again to God.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious—
All on earth His praises sing ;
From death for us He rose victorious—
Praise and glory to our King !

The Presence of God.

*How dreadful is this place ! this is none other but the
house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.*

NOW God is present here,
Then let us all adore ;
Before Him bow with humble fear,
And praise Him evermore :
Let every worldly thought be gone,
And meekly bow before His throne.

Now God is present here,
Whom all in heaven obey ;
That God angelic hosts revere,
And serve both night and day :
To Thee, oh God ! we now would sing,
Accept the offering which we bring.

Ourselves we will deny—
This world we can despise ;
To all its joys we now shall die,
And to its vanities :
All that we have to Thee we give,
Henceforth for Thee alone we live.

Oh God ! teach us Thy way,
That we Thy truth pursue,
And in Thy service may we stay,
As now the angels do :
That in Thy favor we may live,
And still to Thee our praises give.

All things are full of Thee—
In all Thy glories shine ;
Where'er we turn our eyes, we see
The trace of power divine :
Thou art in us, and we in Thee—
Lord, let this union ever be !

Dispel the shades of night,
And give the glow of day ;
Reveal in us Thy glorious light—
The darkness chase away :
Of truth send forth the eternal blaze,
That we, enraptured, catch its rays.

Cleanse us from every sin—
Renew our inward parts ;
Grant us Thy peace and joy within,
And purify our hearts :
That in our daily walk, we may
Thy goodness and Thy truth display.

Come, Lord ! and in us dwell,
Make Thou Thy temple here ;
With us, then, all things shall go well,
And we Thy name shall fear :
Whate'er we do—where'er we go,
May we Thy love and favor know.

Music.

Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp ; and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well.

SEARCH ye the world—search all around,
No finer joys than mine are found ;
The joys I give with harp and song,
With rapture fill the listening throng.

Where soft my flowing numbers swell,
No strife nor rage can ever dwell ;
Within the bounds of my domain,
No hate nor envy can remain :
Where'er I wake my cheering lay,
Dull care and sadness flee away.

And here another boast may be,
That such a joy from sin is free ;
For God is pleased when mortals sing,
And when His courts with praises ring :
The devil's work is hindered, when
Fierce strifes and passions cease with men.

The deed of David showed the same,
When he the warrior Saul o'ercame ;
As on his harp he sweetly played,
And him from rage and murder staid.

'Tis mine to calm the troubled mind,
That truth a resting place may find ;
I comfort give the anxious soul,
And evil spirits oft control.

The best time of the year is mine,
When warblers sing their notes divine ;
When through the grove the joyous throng
Make heaven and earth resound with song :
But the pride of all the warbling train
Is Philomel's enchanting strain ;
To her our gratitude be paid,
She gladdens every forest glade.

But praises more to Him belong,
Who gave to Philomel her song ;
And taught the minstrels of the grove
To warble notes of joyous love.
The day and night repeat His praise—
For Him the songsters tune their lays ;
His glory shall my song proclaim,
And praise His great and holy name.

“THE CHURCH AND THE WORD OF GOD.”

NOTE to No. VII., page 68.

THE following account of the two young monks who were burned at Brussels, is from “Fox’s Book of Martyrs.” Luther calls them “Knaben,” which we have properly translated “boys”—this term is probably used in an endearing sense. This song is in imitation of a kind of hymns that were common in the first century, when Christians had often to celebrate the sufferings of faithful martyrs. The remarkable agreement between the two accounts, bears a valuable testimony to the accuracy of Fox, who does not seem to have read Luther’s hymn. It has been said “the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,” and truly it was the case with the blood of these young men. After their death their doctrines “grew mightily and prevailed.” The hymn on their martyrdom became a universal favorite, and contributed not a little to awaken a spirit of inquiry among the people :—

In the year of our Lord 1523, two young men were burnt at Brussels, the one named Henry Voes, being of the age of 24 years, and the other John Esch, which before had been of the order of the Augustine friars.—They were degraded the first day of July, and spoiled of their friars’ weeds, at the suit of Egmondanus, the pope’s inquisitor, and the divines of Louvaine; for that they would not retract and deny their doctrine of the gospel, which the Papists call Lutheranism. Their examiners were Hochestratus and others, who demanded of them what they did believe? They said, the books of the Old

and New Testament, wherein were contained the articles of their creed. Then were they asked, whether they believed the decrees of the councils, and of the fathers? They said, such as were agreeing to the Scripture they believed. After this, they proceeded further, asking whether they thought it any deadly sin to transgress the decrees of the fathers, and of the bishop of Rome? That, said they, is to be attributed only to the precepts of God, to bind the conscience of man, or to loose it. Wherein when they constantly persisted, and would not turn, they were both condemned, and judged to be burned. Then they began to give thanks to God their heavenly Father, who had delivered them, through His great goodness, from that false and abominable priesthood, and made them priests of His holy order, receiving them unto Him as a sacrifice of sweet odour. Then there was a bill written, which was delivered unto them to read openly before the people, to declare what faith and doctrine they held. The greatest error that they were accused of was, that men ought only to trust in God, forasmuch as men are liars and deceitful in all their words and deeds, and therefore there ought no trust or affiance to be put in them.

As they were led unto the place of execution, which was the first of July, they went joyfully and merrily, making continual protestation that they died for the glory of God and the doctrine of the gospel, as true Christians, believing and following the holy Church of the Son of God; saying, also, it was the day which they had long desired.

After they were come to the place where they should be burned, and were despoiled of their garments, they tarried a great space in their shirts, and joyfully embraced the stake that they should be bound to, patiently and joyfully enduring whatsoever was done unto them, praising God, and singing psalms, and rehearsing the creed in testimony of their faith. A certain doctor, beholding their jollity and mirth, said unto Henry, that he should take heed so foolishly to glorify himself. To whom he answered, God forbid that I should glory in anything, but only in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ. Another counselled him to have God before his eyes; unto whom he answered, I trust that I carry Him truly in my heart. One of them, seeing that the fire was

kindled at his feet, said, methinks ye do strew roses under my feet. Finally, the smoke and the flame mounting up to their faces, choked them.

Henry being demanded, among other things, whether Luther had seduced him, or no? Yea, said he, even as Christ seduced His apostles. He said also, that it was contrary to God's law that the clergy should be exempted from the power and jurisdiction of the magistrate ordained of God; for such as were ordained in office by the bishops, have no power but only to preach the Word of God, and to feed their flock.

After their death, their monastery was dissolved at Antwerp. The president thereof, by the Papists called Jacobus Lutherianus, after divers and sundry troubles and afflictions, was forced to recant at Brussels; but afterward, his mind being renewed by the Holy Ghost, embracing that again which before he had renounced, he fled to Luther.



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